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# *Florence Gardiner Sings*

Jane Hungerford Milbank

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# Florence Gardiner Sings

SOME THOUGHTS

AND

SOME BRIDGES

*by*

J. Hungerford Milbank



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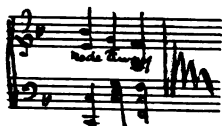
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*Duplicate Money*

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## Listen to Me



O simple it is—and it is God's truth.  
Listen to me.

Way back in British Kent—the garden spot of England, they call it—lived a man of "good family." Certainly he wasn't to blame for the status of the family, and he was so far sprung from any habit of adding honor to his name that his parents made him a Christmas present, in the year 1860, of a through trip—London to San Francisco. A stupendous journey it was—and a price stupendous—which shows how much they felt the family prestige required his absence.

There was a young wife, shy and gentle. Her people had made the match, mid much self-applause, for her grandfather was in trade, while his—ah, what it is, in a monarchy, to be second cousin to a marquis!

A beautiful boy baby, the picture of his mother, bore the name of his father, and there were hopes for the coming summer. Months passed and no word from the gay rover. A man answering to his description had been stabbed in a London brothel. Was it he? Papers did not go after details then as they do now, and the little woman approached her time mid daily torture of spirit.

Finally a girl-baby was born; winsome only as all helpless creatures are winsome, but with a misshapen jaw and pleading grey-blue eyes.

The grandfather adjusted a gold-rimmed glass and scornfully abstained from comment, but the grandmother said, with unveiled irritation, "What did you do to cause such a thing?"

The little woman only held her baby closer.

The second summer, and little Florence walking. At last came word from America that the father had become a corn merchant in San Francisco—at least, that is what he wrote, and added that they might send out the wife and children, being sure to equip them “as befits a Gardiner,” and show the barbarians of “the States” how people of standing travel. So ordered his letter.

Fat purses and long names are not persistent comrades, but obligation was as unpopular then as now, and in time the weary trio landed at San Francisco.

The little woman found her husband in truth a corn merchant—John Barley Corn was his partner, and the following spring she helped to decorate with one more neglected mound the hills behind the city.

Neighbors have their own lives to live, and the autumn sun looked down upon three people standing at a convent gate.

The Mother Superior demurred. “It could not be for long,” she said. (Gold nuggets had gained a guarded acquiescence.)

The watery mildness of the man’s flat blue eyes, the sudden chill of the scurrying wind!

“You would return in a month at most?” Of this, with a drawing-room bow, he assured her.

That night a camp wagon took the trail. The tinkle of a guitar and a whiff of smoke came over the tail-board, where hung a gaudy shawl of red and yellow.

In the silent convent two sisters bent to examine and to praise a handsome sleeping boy, while alone in a distant room two blue grey eyes fixed their frightened gaze upon the ghostly wall. A heart went thump! thump! thump! and found no echo.

The ensuing year—all on a summer's day—a big, tall man, with pistol pouches and a sombrero, came and took the pretty boy; said he would return in the evening to bring money and take the girl.

Oh, those tragic hours of waiting!

Ye who have hearts within, listen to me.

In the morning she was stood upon a box at the scullery sink, and there she washed dishes the day long. Not that she was kept always at the sink—oh, no! There were stone floors to scrub, and the next winter, when rheumatism had crippled the feet, there was sewing to learn.

An innate love of beautiful things gave daintiness to stitches, and the convent mending kept her busy. The priests of the neighboring church took their meals at the convent, and the oldest and crossest of them all exacted Florence to wait upon him.

Time flies, they say.

She was twelve then, nearly thirteen. There was yet a darn unfinished in the cloth, but the shuffling step of the old priest on the stone floor warned her of his approach. Hurriedly sticking the needle into her dress, she sped to draw his chair. Seeing that some one had left a window open, she tried to shut it before his sharp tongue blamed her. The old three-legged stool slipped and, striking upon the stone sill, the needle was thrust into her breast—and broken!

No time for tears, no inquiry if there had been a hurt—oh, the voiceless misery as the year sped on!

The annual inspection with a physician among the priests.

"The blonde girl with the irregular teeth," said the Mother superior, "has a bad, a very peculiar, smell,

and," she added severely, "she will not tell me what it is."

Florence was ordered to a room. She could not have helped them strip her if she would, for she was numb with the nameless terror of the helpless thing which suffers.

"Never mind, little girl," said the doctor kindly. "I'll make it all right." To the watching nun he said simply, "Cancer—the breast must come off."

That was fifty years ago, and it is only thirty since anaesthetics have been in common use. They filled her up with opium pills and cut the breast clean away.

They tried to be kind, the good sisters, but she had no money to pay a doctor. The little stock of opium the visiting physician had left was soon gone. She had fainted at her old labors, and in a few weeks she found herself looking at the outside of the convent wall.

Only fourteen, yet burdened with weakness and want!

The next twenty years is a nightmare of labor and the desperate need of opium to still the pain.

In one of the first places she worked, a child set his bed on fire playing with matches between the sheets. Florence rescued the child, beat out the fire and saved the house, but the terrible burn left a broad scar uniting her chin and her chest.

Her whole appearance being increasingly peculiar, even her excellent cooking could barely keep her in hard places for small pay. Suffering and accident had left her not one straight finger. A cataract had formed over one eye, and when she fell over a self-murdered employer, in returning to her kitchen after

a Sunday afternoon walk, the shock bereft her of hearing almost completely.

Nay, my masters, it is not a tale I weave you—it is God's truth! Listen to me.

She is down in my kitchen now—Florence Gardiner—and she is singing! This creature with a heart of gold, who overflows with kindly activity to the limit of her strength—and beyond. This brave spirit which shows the mother love toward every child and chicken—stray cat and limping dog—cased in a body so distorted that it has been a dragon guard to chastity.

It is a sound to shame us from our griefs!

We who cry aloud and take a tragic pose for little ills, shall write it high and clear, and where our hearts shall read it—

### **Florence Gardiner Sings!**

Listen! Again the tired old voice in quavering crescendo:

“Came a kni-ight, and wooed  
And won her—  
Woo-ed and wo-on,  
And rode—a—way—



## 'Tis But the Glory



IS but the Glory. Ye who call me  
Death—  
Pleading with God that I forget your  
door—  
Naming me as a gift from out your  
hate—  
Holding me as a sorrow that shall  
chill—

Look round you well. Do yonder shadows gray  
Point toward the sun or toward the lesser light?  
Do weary kine resent the cooling shade?  
Then, as a friend, come to you from the east—  
My garments trailing through your Dust of Years  
Let my cool shadow ease you unto rest.

Ye children of the vale, I long to you!  
The glory of my realm makes your's seem night;  
And as I come, my shadow goes before—  
The dull gray herald of the Greater Height.  
Think then, my children, how the shadows lie,  
Fain would I garner you for fields of light—  
'Tis but the glory, marks my progress slow;  
Nay—crowd me not! But one may come with me  
Into the blinding glory of God's sight.

## Ruth Randall

Age 7

Ruth Randall, ye're a wee bit lass,  
Scarce bend the flowers that feel ye pass,  
Sae fail an' airy!  
Yet there's a light within your 'ee  
Throws greater magic o'er me,  
Than ony fairy.

I' truth I think some angel sprite  
Crept in ye heart, one pitch dark night,  
An' there is nestin'.  
I note ye've never much to say—  
Your wee bit, tidy, mother-way  
Ne'er leaves ye restin'.

Ruth Randall, when I'm old an' gray,  
I hope ye won't be far away;  
In that hour eerie,  
When the Great Shepherd calls my name—  
When, like the sheep, I'm hurryin' hame—  
I'll bless ye, Dearie!

What had I done, what had I lacked the doing, that Élise, my bonnie grey-eyed lassie, who is almost as tall as her mother now, should have written this and, without comment, placed it upon my desk?

### **Daddy---My Daddy!**



ADDY, my Daddy, the autumn is here,  
And the hope-laden days of the ripening year,  
With the oriole's nest in the fruit-laden tree;  
And there goes a swarm after old Adam Bee,  
Who bumbled about in his discontent  
Till, plump! straight into a flower he went.

"Dear! dear!" said he, as he tumbled out,  
"What's all this horrible fuss about!"  
The echoes laughed in the flower's heart,  
And when the old gentleman would depart  
They gaily threw pollen and covered him up;  
So, laden with gold dust, he left the cup.

Still holding on tight to his discontent,  
Bumping and bumping, home he went,  
And solemnly swore to his better half  
That come what would he would never laugh.  
She listened and worked, and, as women will,  
Hoarded the gold, while she kept quite still.

She stored it away in a tiny chest  
Which was kept in a drawer with her "Sunday best."  
So, dreary, for Adam, the glad days went,  
For he hoarded up nothing but discontent,  
And left so many sad thoughts about  
That Eve was weary with sweeping them out.

At last when autumn crimson and gold,  
Had turned to the still white winter cold,  
Poor Adam, from anxiously nursing his woe,  
Had failed to provide a place to go.  
His chosen companions were Sorrow and Wrong,  
So the generous Fates didn't help him along.

Each of his friends had given a part,  
That he might buy weights to hang on his heart.  
Eve then, seeing they had no more,  
Brought forth her casket—all her store.  
It was filled to the brim with fairy gold.  
They looked at each other, and neither seemed old;

For in their hearts was budding the truth  
That the heart of love is the heart of youth.  
And there isn't a fate in the world that's sad,  
It's only the thinking that makes it bad.  
The dust which offends is but fairy gold,  
And a radical cure for growing old.

Let's bumble about in the gladsome air,  
Finding happiness everywhere!  
Just Daddy, my Daddy—and me.

## By Chance



SUMMER'S day, the king's highway,  
The evening hour in far Provence;  
A cottage thatched, the door unlatched,  
A weary traveler, brought by chance

To that far corner, drear and lone,  
Where maids and matrons sit and  
croon,

And spin and weave and drowse the hours,  
By lingering morn, through sultry noon.

The weary traveler went his way,  
Nor knew nor earth nor air nor sky,  
Until from out the cottage door  
There drifted strains of lullaby.

The sweet familiar, "Sleep, mine own,"  
The gentle voice, the anxious face,  
As Ninon bent above the crib  
To change the baby's resting place—

Brought back to him, from Long Ago,  
A face as sweet, a tiny cot—  
Things which the warp and woof of life  
Had covered o'er, and marked "Forgot."

Thus then did Memory lead him on  
Adown the toilsome path of years,  
And gave him at the end the gift  
Man seldom knows the worth of—tears.

And from his eyes it forced the scales  
Which Want and Pain had placed there,  
To make his way a toilsome one  
By life's worst woe—self-centred care.

As up the hill of life he strode  
His thoughts turned back to days of yore,  
And Fancy peopled all the way  
With airy shapes that Memory bore.

His wife and children walked beside,  
Upon his arm his mother lent—  
Stronger and firmer grew his stride,  
His shoulders were no longer bent.

“Noblesse oblige”—he knew that he  
Must keep a martial front, and seek  
To hold those dear ones safe in him—  
And so in love, protect the weak.

\* \* \*

A summer's day, the king's highway,  
The joyous air of dear Provence;  
The sunset's glow, as on we go  
To bless the happy Laws of Chance.



**Nobody sees**  
**Success**  
**With downcast eyes**

If forced to voyage upon a dangerous sea,  
Nor rocks, nor seething whirlpools turn thy craft;  
And if, perchance, thy utmost skill shall fail  
To bring thee where the cloud-flecked shallows sleep,  
Draw up thy wreck upon an *alien* coast,  
Rebuild thy life, and guard thee—

Sing the while.









## The Good Grey Rock



N the forest pool were many fishes, and one little fish that did wear herself out trying to help the other fishes, and to be withal a gold fish, carrying light into each crevice. Often the little fish was very weary and did go with great thankfulness into the shadow of a rock which stands by the pool, and did rest therein.

But the rock refused to see anything, and grumbled, saying, "Behold, I am a useless, ugly mass, covered with gray lichens. I will throw myself into the pool, and no longer intercept the rays of the sun!"

The little fish lay very close to the rock and loved it. And another fish there was, who did love the little tired fish, and did wait in the edge of the shadow in silent thankfulness.

When Mother Nature heard the ungrateful grumbling of the rock she was much grieved, and with sad patience did see to it that the foundation of the rock was secure. And the trees and the lichens grew and waved in the sunshine, and—listen!—there is a sound of happy, childish voices playing about

"The good gray Rock!"

## Con Soldini



ROSE, in all her crimson glory,  
scorned a bee,  
And mocked him as a slave of industry;  
Then daringly, her face turned  
toward the sun  
While all her petals shook desisively.

At twilight, in their robes of lifeless gray,  
With thoughts more gray and hopes more lifeless still,  
The monks, in that old garden, took their ease,  
And spoke, with dull and soulless tone, of Death.

Then one, who moved not as a funeral train,  
Whose dreary length respects not Father Time,  
And whose clear countenance made him seem at odds  
With those sad men, reached out to pluck the rose.

The abbot stern restrained him as he bent,  
And coldly bade him "Leave the senses sleep;  
Abhor the passionate red and seek the pure—  
Adore the lily, but touch not the rose."

\* \* \*

The moon looked down upon that garden old  
And saw the silence throbbing, as in pain;  
A rose was clasped in passionate ecstasy,  
A whispered "Benedicte" stirred its leaves.

## Wigwam

I sat within the wigwam of my soul  
And strung my deeds of prowess on a wire  
Between two poles, set up life's length apart,  
And vastly pleased was I—to see them swing.

"Great Chieftain I!" my soul said to myself;  
"Behold! mine enemies all conquered be—  
Their scalps fill up the measure of the sky,  
All learning pays its tribute—unto me!"

"Life-as-it-Is" came swinging down the wind;  
My tee-pee was a memory—woe is me!  
Some dragon's teeth of things forgot breathed fire,  
Mine egotism 'gainst a tree got pinned.

"Oh, me! oh, my!" my soul said to myself,  
"Why did you so neglect the larger view?"  
"Because," said he, "you strung things 'cross the door";  
I can't look through—that's true—  
Who can?  
Can you?

## The Doctor's Cobra



ES, she was dead. The Doctor rested his head upon his decorously sombre hand and thought the matter over; not with any reference to the past, but rather an automatic calculation of the undertaker's bill. He was in the midst of the number of chairs as compared with the usual array required for the office, when he found himself crossing the room toward his medicine chest. Appearances suggested that he was in search of a pill, but as he had none in stock warranted to cure such a case, he sat down solemnly and summoned all his intellectual forces to support the time-worn statement, "'Tis better so." In such a conclusion he touched more nearly upon the truth for his dead wife than for himself; but this, after the manner of men, he either kept close veiled or knew not.

It is late summer, but looking through the open window into his orthodox back yard, the most honest and intelligent observer could not have made oath to the season. New York door-yards tell no tales; though, if there be truth in the theories of the psychic condition of matter, doubtless many of them are overburdened with knowledge and carry valuable information to those higher beings who nobody precisely knowing—nobody envies.

A neighboring clock struck six and the doctor went into the dining-room. He tapped the bell, and the waves of silvery sound smote unpleasantly upon his ear. Again he rang—following the hackneyed formula

of resenting an injury by reinflicting it. The sound waves quivered in the densely silent air.

He was awakened from his drowsy state by an uncanny feeling and a chill tumbling in mad haste down his spinal column and climbing up again with even greater speed. The chill having located itself so that the Doctor might radiate it, he rose slowly and went to the window. A yellow cat promenading a distant fence was the only substitute presented for the faithful Nora. A still cold rage was growing within; he was now too angry to diagram an invective, even inaudibly. Close by the window he held the bell and gave it three strokes of pent-up strength. Through shame or overwork the bell succumbed to the last, and the pieces fell to the ground.

A scurrying noise upon the steps—a choking sound—a bump against the door; then a towseled head slowly appeared.

“An’ did yez call me, surh?” she inquired.

“Where is my dinner?” he demanded sternly.

Nora started into a sob, but indignation stopped her, and she exclaimed angrily: “Sure an’ would yez be wantin’ the dinner whin the puir lady isn’t cold yet!”

The Doctor started slightly. It was not new that he had temporarily forgotten the “puir lady,” but this was the first time he had ever been reminded of the propriety of remembering her.

“Pack your trunk and leave at once,” he said with cutting distinctness, and she willingly obeyed.

In all the years of Mrs. Holborn’s illness the servants had been silently introduced to some strange fashions incompatible with maidenly ideals, especially those brewed from the average novel.

There was no parlor, and Nora was shocked by that;

after she knew well the gentle invalid she was grieved also. The office—the only reception room—was in a state of confusion. Once, three years before, when she first came, Nora had, in the Doctor's absence, set to work to clean it thoroughly; the gentleman returned suddenly and her reprimand was such as to make her touch it lightly ever after. Once the Doctor had interrupted her in the midst of an inspection of a tintype and a lock of hair which affection and "Mike" had just posted from Erin. The Doctor looked cross and she had not time to hide it in her dress, so she escaped detection by throwing it behind her through the open door of the Doctor's closet. Now, as soon as she could dress, she went to recover her treasure.

Reaching into the darkness, she put her hand into a large jar and touched something wet and cold. Such experiences are not new to maids, so she put back her hand, grasped the thing firmly and with a jerk brought forth—a snake!

It looked quite as much alive as the sleepy specimens at the museum and the circus, and Nora fled to the remotest corner. There she crouched, paralyzed with terror. The Doctor's footfall was unheeded, and there he found her—half unconscious. He shook her violently, and with returning vigor Nora gave a long and piercing shriek.

"Hush!" said the Doctor sternly, unconsciously tightening his grip on her shoulder; "are you crazy?"

"Oh! oh! snakes!" she screamed. "Murder! Snakes!"

It had not occurred to him that the girl drank, but her words and some carefully buried experiences of his own made him quite sure of it now. He ordered her to the kitchen, but she refused to go, pointing

wildly to the closet. Peering in that direction he recognized his once-loved, but long-forgotten, cobra. Wondering how it came there, he bent to examine it.

'Twas a snake with a history. Long years before, when the Doctor and fellow students stood looking at this big reptile in the park "zoo," the keeper came and stopped in front of the cage.

"Say, Mr. Keeper," piped the class magpie, "has that snake got any poison in him?"

"Now now," responded the keeper; "but sure he'll have plenty soon; he lost his fangs last year, an' he'll pass in his checks to-night!"

The four students, small boy and three nursemaids said "Why?" in chorus.

"Well, yez see," said the keeper, as he crossed his legs, folded his arms and leaned against the railing, "fer snakes he's more old than most, and got the rheumatism so bad he's no good fer show!"

"What yez goin' ter do wid him when he's gone?" inquired the small boy.

"Give 'im to the goats, maybe," said the keeper lazily, as he picked up his pail, spat afar and strolled on.

"Boys," said Harry Holborn, "if that snake has rheumatism, he's just what we want!"

"That's so," said another. "Prof. Grigg said yesterday that rheumatism isn't half understood, because you can't experiment regardless of the patient."

"Besides, said another, "we can have fun with him. "We'll make him dance an electric jig!"

"But say," said the magpie, "all the snake stories I've read give me a distaste for the gentleman's society. Who's going to handle him?"

"Cobras bite; they don't constrict!"



"Why, who 'ud be afraid of him? He can't hurt anybody!" exclaimed Harry, scornfully.

They were generous boys, and all agreed that the distinction of handling the snake should be left to Harry Holborn. Before they reached the superintendent's office the honor weighed heavily upon him, and he suggested that the professor might not approve, but with unpleasantly acute memories the boys recalled big reptiles examined by former classes.

"Nonsense, Harry," said one; "it isn't a bit worse than Jenkins' big lizard. You're just afraid yourself—that's all!"

Retreat was impossible after such a remark; he knew that if he refused to go on he would never hear the end of it. The snake was secured by a small payment, and delivered, minus poison, into the big glass tank provided at the college for the housing of strange creatures. Instead of cutting him up, the learned surgeon gave such fascinating talks and made such experiments that the class became intensely interested, and Harry grew fond of the big reptile which was shedding glory upon him. At length the long deferred poison was administered and the soul of the cobra squirmed up aloft. The Doctor pickled him in an immense jar of alcohol, and there he remained until, the Doctor having used the cover some time before and forgetting to replace it, the reptile had been left exposed to Nora's attack.

As young Dr. Holborn's practice grew and became each year more fashionable his array of bottles and jars, of which he had once been proud, became a source of annoyance, and was put upon the closet floor. A would-be-amusing acquaintance once introduced him as "the snake doctor," and the title being heard by

many, his practice suffered considerable damage. To explain a misnomer is difficult, and being as a rule boresome to the listener is of small profit to the injured one. However, time had effaced the jest, and his practice was better than ever.

These things passed through the Doctor's mind as he bent to examine the cobra. Indeed, so absorbed did he become that for the moment he quite forgot Nora, until, rising, he beheld her standing by his desk. His anger returned, and, with the snake dangling gaily from his right hand, he approached her.

"How dare you go into my closet!" he exclaimed, raising his right arm in angry admonition. The sudden movement sent the tail of the snake in her direction, the terrified girl gave a piercing shriek and fell backward into a corner, overturning the waste basket and coming down in a jack-knife position, with feet very much in evidence. The silence which ensued was almost immediately broken by a step in the hall; the unlatched door was gently pushed open and a fine-looking fellow came forward, saying:

"Hello, Doctor; your faith in humanity must be great—found your front door wide open. We sent Jenkins for you, but he said he couldn't make any one hear. Von Vlecks cab was run over at Twenty-third street and he's badly cut up. We took him into the club, and— Thanks," as the Doctor, who at the first sound, had placed himself before the empty grate and dropped the snake therein, automatically handed him a cigar.

"Too bad," said the Doctor, making as much noise as possible in clearing his throat. "I will come immediately—don't let me detain you."

"Oh, not at all," said Pelton affably, as he dropped

into a chair. "You see we sent for you at once, but as the man could not make you hear, we called Dr. Seeley."

As Mrs. Holborn had been an unknown factor for so many years, Pelton had not even heard of her, so he lounged easily as he lit his cigar and threw the lighted match into the grate.

The Doctor, with his back toward the mantel, stood like an inverted Y. He was certain that Nora had fainted, so he nervously jingled his keys and gave silent and profane thanks for the increasing darkness.

"As you treated Bella Wolf for her throat disease," continued Pelton, "you may be interested to know the latest concerning herself and young Woods. They say——" but what they said did not transpire, for behind the Doctor a curious living flame was rapidly filling the grate. That thoroughly pickled reptile had caught fire and was beginning a serpentine dance. It twisted and writhed, and Pelton stared at it in mute horror. The Doctor did not move, and so it was impressed upon his visitor that what he saw was not a fact, but a vision evolved from his own diseased brain. The experience was new to him, and he rose unsteadily.

"I—I think I'll"—he began, as he put out his hand for his hat. "Oh, this is yours," and he approached the desk where stood another beaver.

"The light was now so bright that Nora's gaudy stockings were unmistakable. Pelton stood and blinked. He was a nice, clean-minded boy, and he knew that snakes and stripped stockings were not his usual combination.

"I think, Doctor, I am bilious—could you give me a dose of something to clear my head—I seem to see——"

But just then the seeing changed to hearing. Nora "came to," and clambering out of her corner angrily addressed the Doctor:

"An' its kill me yez will, ye dirthy blackguard! It's not content ye are with one corpse in the house, but ye must lay yez dirthy hands on me, an'—an'—Police! Police! It's to the station house ye'll be goin' if I kin git me friend Finnigin on the block—he'll knock the head off yez—ye villian—pursuin' of a decent girl!"



The results are these:

Policemen.

Hush money.

A sign, "House to let or for sale."

A worried-looking passenger on the "Teutonic," outward bound.



## Windows



ID Grandma wear them, Grandpa?"  
Her dainty face afrown,  
My daughter's daughter asks me,  
And shows a curious gown,  
Declaring it the fashion,  
And calling it "complete."  
"See, Grandpa, that is lovely! That  
drapery is sweet!"

In vain I search for beauty,  
I'd like to say "'Tis fine!"  
But find no charm about it;  
No memory is mine,  
In childhood's perfumed garden  
Where stately memories grow,  
Of any figure wearing such costumes  
long ago.

Came they before or after  
My childhood's joys and pains,  
The tears and rippling laughter—  
The dreams and berry-stains!  
It tuned my mind to thinking,  
And this I know is true:  
'Tis we who set life's values, by the  
colors we look through.

Some incident of childhood,  
Some window of delight,  
Formed in our plastic soul-wall  
When all our mind was white.  
'Tis when things fit our windows  
They make our keenest joys,  
Our minds best frame the pictures  
We loved when we were boys.



## Breathed the Pulse of the Silence---at Dawn



If your soul met mine in the glare of  
daylight  
Would they speak?  
Or would they, unseeing, dumb-cry-  
ing, go on  
Still to seek?

If your soul met mine in the glare of daylight  
Would they know  
Each the other's wan pain, shown by scars words had  
made,  
Like a blow?

Or would we be blind to the deep inward dreaming  
of woe—  
If your soul met mine in the glare of daylight  
Would you know?

## Overlobe



NCE, long ago, in the eventide,  
From out of the Realm of  
Thought,  
Love came, as a bird, and his downy  
coat  
Held joys that can ne'er be  
bought.

He fluttered about in the maze of Life,  
And was almost lost in Despair,  
When he saw the glow of an earnest heart  
And happily nestled there.

The heart belonged to a scholar grave,  
Who knew not the worth of Love,  
Nor dreamed that Heaven had sent unto him  
Life itself, in the form of a dove.

And the scholar said, "I know full well  
That a storm will come out of the West";  
So he closed his coat to protect the bird,  
And pressed it close to his breast.

The sun shone out on the flowers gay,  
No storm came out of the West;  
But dead lay the bird, with a broken wing,  
On the heart it had loved the best.



## Kittie Habbeton—One Night

(A True Story.)



“Of course, it’s pretty enough as a place, and that view is simply glorious; but I don’t see how you dare stay all alone.”

“You always were so timid, Ellen. Nothing but a ghost scares me; but I’m so mortally afraid of interviews with the dear departed that I never stay all night alone in the house. There is plenty of room, and I believe the presence of a small child even would be sufficient to give me quiet slumber. It is the idea of some dead thing that is alive—don’t you know!”

“Suppose that ‘something alive’ arrived with a dark lantern to ‘burgle’?”

“Then I’d tell him to ‘burgle softly,’ and I’ve a pretty little shooting iron that would prove a great persuader, I warrant you!”

“Why, Kittie, you don’t mean that you keep a gun—a loaded gun—in the house?”

“Certainly. Don’t you carry a revolver in traveling, Mr. Morton?”

“I’ve tried a time or two, but Ellen is so terrified by the bare idea of a bullet that I gave it up. You know I can give up anything for my delightful tyrant.”

“Married three years and such a sentiment! Well, if Wall Street goes to pieces you can set up a matrimonial agency, and then walk about to advertise the same. Put on a blissful smile (they wear well and are

easily renewed) and pin a placard fore and aft saying: 'Samples from the Ketchum Peckum Agency.'

"Kittie! you should not talk so lightly of such a serious matter," remonstrated Ellen.

"Is it really so serious? No cure? None? The physicians," Kittie continued moistly out of her handkerchief, "always say (sob) that—that—while there is life there is—hope!"

"Miss Kittie has a business head," laughed Mr. Morton. "Stocks have been so terribly down of late, I am seriously considering the agency scheme. How about it, Ellen? You promised 'for better or worse' you know! We could walk the Rialto and throw in a little melodrama. Some manager would surely see us and offer a magnificent salary. We might try bliss at Forty-second street, annoyance at Thirty-fifth, anger for five blocks and tears for seven. A haughty smile might be suitable for the corner of Fifth avenue and Twenty-third street. All the way down to Fourteenth street you might let your angry passions rise until finally you would denounce me as Traitor! Trait-or-r!"

"Why, John! you would make a splendid actor. You rolled your R's so I could almost see green lights and a slow curtain!"

"Thanks, many thanks!" responded Mr. Morton, bowing in all directions, to indicate a large audience. "My genius was developed by playing 'The Mikado' at a church fair."

"It was the concatenation of events which did the deed," said Kittie owlshly. "You know, de moonlight night, de bobtail rabbit, de graveyard ground, an' de cross-eyed nigger wid a gun, must all happen togedder—deed dey must—or dere ain't no luck in dat ar' rabbit's foot—fo' sho! 'Deed dey aint!"

"Where did you get such negro dialect?" inquired Mr. Morton. "Some cold day when I am wishing to go South and can't, I'll come and sit by your stove (don't see steam pipes—guess you use stoves) and close up my eyes and listen to that lingo, and imagine myself back in Florida. Where did you learn the tone? Few vaudeville performers seem to catch that."

"When I was a baby at the fort, I guess," said Kittie. You know at a fort certain servants become traditional, and the old negro nurse who took charge of me for the first few years had been starting the officers' nursery clocks for—Heaven knows how long. She did not know her own age. When Papa used to say sometimes, 'Must be getting 'round to your birthday, Aunt Hannah; how old will you be?' she would fidget and say, 'Deed, Colonel Habbeton, how 'd I know? I ain't got no time to watch the years a walkin' past. 'T most seems to me sometimes dey runs. All I know I'se been Affkin since 'fore de flood!' Then Papa would give her something and send her on an errand, for Aunt Hannah was a great talker, and we would hear her trickling further information about 'Dem dar heaps o' water standin' up 'round' all the way down the corridor. But I'll give you better than dialect. You shall roast your nose and freeze your spine at a real Colonial fireplace. I wouldn't have invested in such a flat and spread out old house myself, but Mamma and Dad loved it, and I have to be down a little on account of the furniture. No, I'll go up to town with you, unless, of course, you would stay. Of course, you can't, on account of the baby. No more could I. My children will make an adoring doormat of me, I know.

"Mind that step! No—around this door. Don't

lose your appetite getting to the dining-room; you'll never find it again."

"Why, Kittie," cried Ellen, "I didn't know you could cook! There's something delicious in that big kettle!"

"That's soup. Never tasted my dinners? No? 'Their joys have never been told—been told!'" sang Kittie, gaily. "It's true, I never worry the cook when I keep house, but down here I seldom stay for more than a meal or two, so I just put it together myself. Ellen, do you remember at school how you used to grumble if the soup wasn't boiling hot? Well, this is fairly on the sizzle. I can't get hold—oh, look out! Great Scott!"

Two frightened guests—an overturned kettle—a girl with her face in a knot of pain—and a scalded arm.

## CHAPTER II.

"Here," said Mr. Morton, "let me rip that sleeve; part of it is on the burn."

"Never mind, I guess we can get it off without. Come in and help me, Ellen. I'll put on an old evening waist and turn the clock forward to ease my social conscience. Mr. Morton, please investigate that kettle, I think there is a little left; we will return in a minute."

Presently the three were at the table and Kittie was saying, "I can't go to town in this shape. The vaseline would ruin the only gown I have down here. Can't you send some one to stay to-night?"

"You know we would willingly play home guard," said Ellen. "I would say for John to stay, but you see he is expected in Boston by an early train, and it's so

far from town—I'm afraid. Couldn't you change the time, John?"

"My dear girl, I wish I could. Miss Kittie manages her own property, and she understands how fatal it is to try to change appointments and keep strangers waiting."

"It isn't possible," said Kittie, decidedly. "The only thing I know is to think of somebody else and have you telegraph them from the station."

A list of friends was run over, but each and every one was either inaccessible in a hurry, or otherwise impossible.

"The worst of it is," said Kittie, dolefully, "there are few people one cares for as guests, fewer that can be called upon, for they all have home attachments, and the certainties for a lightning necessity are minus!"

"I heard that your Cousin Willis was in town," said Ellen, bending low over her coffee.

"No! you don't mean it? Well, that is luck! Where is he staying?" exclaimed Kittie joyfully.

"Well," said Ellen, looking defiantly past her husband's ear—"to be honest, I didn't hear he was in town—I was in The Waldorf north corridor and saw him coming out of the dining-room. He didn't have hat or coat, so I suppose he is staying there."

"Then did you note his bald spot? Really, Mr. Morton, your ambrosial locks cut out as good-hearted a chap as ever lived. He is just the man, and he knows the way. He was down not long ago, but had to go West. I didn't expect him back so soon. Was Jennie with him?"

"What Jennie?" asked Ellen, quickly.

"Why, Jennie, his sister, you know. I think you

met her. That long, thin girl with molasses candy hair—came to visit me once at Lake George.”

“Oh, yes; but as I never saw them together I had forgotten. Nobody was with him yesterday. Besides, I don’t remember that her hair was a bad color.”

“There, there! bless her fuzzy feathers!” purred Kittie. “Don’t get ruffled because you are a blonde yourself. You know brunettes always make fun of golden locks. From the amount of peroxide sold I should say derision had its roots in envy. But what shall I say to Willis?”

“Come to-night, ten o’clock train,” said Mr. Morton, tersely.

“Would like to see you. Can’t you come down and stay over night?” rambled Ellen.

“All of which won’t bring him,” finished Kittie. “A good-looking man of forty, with a pocketbook, is always full of engagements, and if I just let him know I am here he will go on with what he is doing and think he will run down to-morrow. I had better say, ‘Alone with scalded arm (that scalded arm will hurry him); come to-night without fail—midnight train or sooner. Bring Jennie.’ I’ll risk it that Jennie is with him. Since he swore to remain a bachelor they have become great chums. Willis gets fits of restlessness, and away they go! Have some more ice cream—it’s wilted, but it’s good on the peaches.

“Are you sure you have written that straight, Mr. Morton? All right. Now you have just time to catch that 5:15. You won’t mind my not going to the station in this costume, I am sure?”

“I hope you won’t have to be alone!”

“Oh, no; and there is a pretty little argument with five good reasons under my pillow.”

"Don't touch it under any circumstances," begged Ellen. "I know you would have some dreadful accident!"

"Now, don't you worry," laughed Kittie. "I'm not much more than pocket size, anyway; but unless somebody mistakes me for bric-a-brac and attempts to abscond, I promise to just shoot holes in the air."

"I'm really distressed. I wish I knew before sleeping that there is a home guard," fretted Ellen.

"You are a good-hearted girl, bless your buttons!" said Kittie, affectionately. "Now, I tell you what you do. Send the telegram from the station and mark it 'Rush!' It will probably reach town before you; but, anyway, stop on your way uptown and see Willis. If he can't come himself, I know he will arrange for somebody, if he has to hire a platoon of soldiers over night!"

"Good-bye!"

"Do be careful!"

"Now, be sure and see Willis."

The twilight hour slipped by, the redness of the arm abated, the big blister was pricked and the bandage reduced to respectable dimensions. Kittie went about, left-handedly lighting the several softly-glowing lamps, and talking to herself for company.

"Hope Jennie will like that yellow shade—she has such good taste. The green one makes me look forty, with the cares of a large family. Heigh-ho! Independence is a lonesome disease. That's a hungry sentiment. I'll go heat some chicken.

"Those must have been polite days—one hundred years ago," she mused, leaning against the window frame in her bed-room. "There isn't a room in the building that can't be simply walked into from the

lawn or the portico. Kittie, my child, you're nervous—go eat something!"

From the ice-box she brought forth a bit of this and that, but there is no spice in preparing for one's self alone, and she loitered, idly watching the clock. Half-past eight—it felt later. Bent to inspect the stove and rising, confronted, apparently, the Devil himself!

### CHAPTER III.

Just outside the window, looking through the upper pane, was a very white face; above the red lips and just below the long nose was a streak of black, a well-dyed moustache, waxed and turned up at the ends. Strong brows over eyes of great intensity; bushy eyebrows and a forehead worthy better features. A mop of hair which must have been beautiful when the wearer was a child—bushy, of the Paderewski type, but dark, with touches of bronze red.

"Mademoiselle," he said, bowing, and smiling a very mixed-up foreign smile.

Kittie went at once to the door and opened it wide. "What is it?" she said, simply.

"The house, Mademoiselle would rent it?"

"Why—yes," she said, "on lease, to reliable people. Come in."

The man's social standing it would be impossible to determine, for his appearance was as much a mixture as his features. Long and slender, but with a certain thickness and squareness about the shoulders, which suggested violent living. The fingers of the right hand were tightly closed over the hat brim as though holding a stiletto. A Prince Albert coat was



thrown open and disclosed a vest decorated with not less than ten symbols in gold, silver and enamel.

"Come in," Kittie repeated, and led the way to the drawing room. The man seated himself far back in a chair and looked about as though he owned the property.

"Where did you hear that I wanted to rent the place? I am not anxious to do so."

"Your friends—ze little Monsieur and ze Madame ver-r-y blonde."

"They told you?"

"Ah, no—ze Madmoiselle Kittee is so rapide," with a deprecating gesture. "Ze Monsieur send telegraph, saying you all alone—ze Madame say she sorry—she wish you rent ze house. I hear, I think I come—perhaps I take."

"A queer chance," thought Kittie, then added aloud, "My name is not 'Miss Kittie,' it is Habbeton—K. L. Habbeton. What is your name?"

"Ah, ze Americaine, zey have, we say in Russia—"

"In Russia?"

"Yes, I am of Russia, my father, and my mother la belle France. I live many years in ze country of my mother—my—moth-e-r!"

He repeated the word in a singing tone which, with his expression at the moment suggested endearment and tender memories. He rose in Kittie's estimation.

"But your name," suggested Kittie, as he failed to continue.

"My name?" It is ze business always wiz ze Americaine! My name is Torenz."

"Torenz—it is more musical than most Russian names," said Kittie.

"You like?" he demanded eagerly.

"It is a very good sound," corrected Kittie briskly. "Where is your place of business?"

"Always ze business—ze business!" he exclaimed fretfully.

"You came to rent the house, I think you said." Kittie spoke as icily as possible and wondered if some happy chance might bring her cousin by an early train.

"Yes, yes," he said, nervously moving to the edge of his chair. "I am lawyer in Paris, many years. I go China, Porto Ric—I go many country. Now I come here, I think I stay."

"How many in your family?"

"I not certain how many come—perhaps three, perhaps four, five—perhaps my niflews—no, how you say?"

"Nephews."

"Oui-oui, my nephews, zey try also America. You show ze house?"

"Certainly. There is but one floor. The top is a large garret, simply for storage."

They went about the house, and more and more Kittie felt that the man was sneaking after her, and in the hall she noted his short, hard breathing. When the inspection was done Kittie expected Monsieur Torenz to take his leave, but he seemed determined to stay. She was growing nervous and very faint.

"I thirsty. You have to drink?" asked the man.

Kittie handed him a glass of vichy.

Without leave, Torenz opened a wine jug on the buffet and poured some into the vichy.

"What you have in?" he asked, opening a bon-bon box, then helped himself.

Could it be that the man was a well-dressed sample of starvation! Annoyance changed to pity in the heart

of the girl, and she asked, "Are you hungry?"

"Oh, no! I have supper long-g time. I like—you take," pushing the box toward Kittie like a lord bestowing a coin."

"You all alone!" he said, triumphantly. "Nobody come!"

"Yes, some one is coming!"

"No!" he laughed mockingly. "You not afraid—all night?" Again that lascivious leer and the mocking laugh.

"No," said Kittie, easily, "I am not afraid—I can shoot."

"Yes?" he said. "No—ladies no shoot—they play—they shoot ze toy revolvair, so—" and taking a spoon he made a droll pretense.

"I show you," said Kittie.

She went to her bedroom and took a loaded revolver from beneath the pillow.

The man looked startled—he could hardly turn whiter, when he saw it in her hands.

"Now," said Kittie, firmly, "I always sleep with that loaded, under my pillow, and if I saw so much as a shadow I would fire at it."

"You shoot your friends—your guests—I think."

"No, my guests know that if they go through the house they must sing, whistle or keep talking until I answer them. As I know their voices they are quite safe."

"It has nothing in—no—nothing," said Torenz, conclusively.

"Oh, yes, it is loaded." Kittie tried to break the barrel, but the spring was very stiff and her arm gave a sudden twinge.

"Well, never mind," said Kittie. "You open it."

She put it suddenly into his hand and he quickly let it fall upon the table.

"Put away!" he exclaimed, waving his long, white hands. Many accidents—many—many!"

"Monsieur Torenz," said Kittie, "I am very tired. You have seen the house; if you will give me your address my lawyer can see you about terms."

"You tired. You want go sleep. I go. I go?" he inquired, as a supplementary proceeding.

"Good night," said Kittie, holding wide the door.

"No, I no go. I want talk to you. How much rent you say?"

"Are you going to the city by the car or the train?"

"It nice air—I think I go car."

"Very well, I will walk with you to the car," said Kittie, throwing a shawl about her shoulders. What you want to say, you can say as we go."

The car being reached, the man insisted upon walking back to the house. At the drive Kittie stopped. "Now, Monsieur," she said, "there is no need of our talking further upon this matter. I am very tired. Good night."

The man made an elaborate bow and started in the wrong direction.

"No, the other way," said Kittie.

"I no go car. I go train," he replied.

"Then this way," said Kittie, indicating the proper road to the station.

The man went some distance. Kittie, standing in the shadow of a bush, saw him returning. Quietly he crept up until nearly opposite the drive, then he must have seen her, for he hastily retreated.

Slipping into the house, Kittie seized two crackers and stationed herself on a settee near her window, well

in the shade of the curtains, yet commanding a wide view of the lawn. Suddenly the crackling of twigs, then stillness, then a repetition of the same sound, showed her that some one was pushing through the lilac hedge. A long shadow, suddenly becoming short and broad in the moonlight. How loud her heart was thumping—it seemed as though he must hear it. That small soda cracker! It did smell good and she was faint, but she dared not risk his hearing her bite it. Oh her zeal for fresh air, which had caused her to leave the window up! Doubtless he knew all that before he made his presence known, and Kittie felt goose-flesh down her back as she pictured him prowling 'round the house while she was lighting the lamps.

Now the shadow came nearer; evidently the man was about to leap into the window. Kittie got all her wits together and made ready to spring for the revolver the instant she saw a hand on the sill. Suddenly there was a sound which broke camp with a rush.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Such a hissing and rattling, as though the entire kitchen was falling to pieces! In the intense silence it was startling. The shadow fled—so did the girl, only to find that a kettle of water had boiled over and a tin cover was on the floor.

But Kittie had had enough of this gratis melodrama a la Russe. She stole cautiously back and breathed a sigh of relief when her fingers closed upon that useful bit of mechanism, her revolver. She had noted the heavy cane carried by Torenz, and knew that unless she could keep out of range of that her doom was sealed.

Then out upon the lawn, slipping from bush to bush until she located the man watching her window from the shadow of the stone wall. Seeing her he crouched closer to the ground; then, seeing that she saw him, he rose and started to advance toward her. She raised the revolver so that it gleamed in the moonlight. He saw it and started down the drive; then, evidently thinking the weapon a bluff, stopped. Kitty moved slowly after him, covering him. He hurried down the road and disappeared.

The revolver hung loosely in the girl's hand, and she was wondering how far toward town that man had gone, when she noted a shadow across the road by the cedar hedge. It was Torenz again. Evidently he refused to believe that the revolver was loaded.

"I'll persuade him," thought Kittie, grimly.

She aimed just to miss his left knee, and fired. The man crouched in silence and for one awful moment Kittie thought she might, tricked by her sore arm, have fired too close and killed him. Then he stole down the lane of shadows.

Suddenly the fury of defeat seemed to take possession of him. Moving out into the open road he raised his stick and came for the girl with long, stealthy strides.

Instead of running away, she covered him with the revolver and walked rapidly toward him. The man seemed astonished—puzzled. He turned as if to run, but turning back found himself looking into the revolver. Not a word was spoken.

"Guess I'll get him to that 11:20," she thought, as they slowly traversed the ground to the station road.

A dozen times he turned to flee, then turned again

and grasped his stick, only to cower before that quiet girl in an old evening waist and the business end of a pretty implement.

They were close by the station now. Not a soul in sight. Sunday—and such an hour!

Never taking her eyes from his face, Kittie slowly pointed, with her left hand, to the train. He wavered, turned, bent as though to kiss the outstretched arm so gleamingly white, bowed profoundly, twisting his moustache, threw a kiss toward the still outstretched arm, and, with a smothered oath, clambered onto the rear platform of the train.

Kittie did not change her position until the train was disappearing, then she turned and walked slowly home. Part way up the drive she stopped and drew the revolver from her belt where she had thrust it.

"I thank thee, little one," she said softly, laying its cool length against her burning cheeks.

## En Avant



EAR not for life  
Nor circumstances mourn;  
Night's darkest hour  
Is just before the dawn!

Stay not for Fate  
With weary waiting bent,  
But as the sun the dawn,  
Compel the event.



**T**hou who art master of the great ship,  
grant that we take the next voyage with  
courage, and that when we cross the bar to  
open seas we go with tranquil spirit, knowing that  
our battles fought -- our sorrows conquered -- have  
gently hastened us to greater things.

Amen

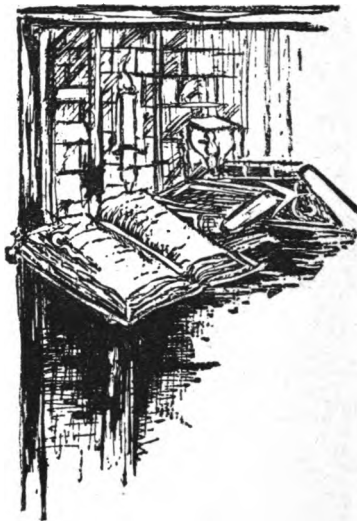


## Prescience

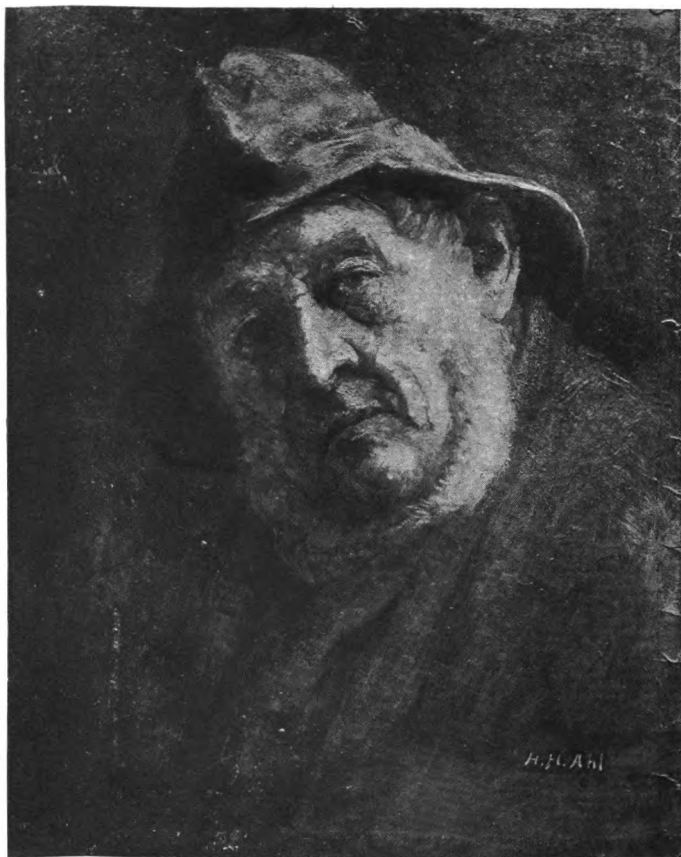


HE touch of a kiss untasted,  
The cry of a child unborn,  
The song of the thrush, still sleeping  
In the dark which precedes the  
dawn.

Deep thoughts, when the mind is  
drowsing,  
And reason has left her throne,  
Reach out to the life beyond us  
And make it's joys our own.







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## Minerva Pro Tem



AY a gray-beard be permitted a preference—pardoned a prejudice?

Before I begin, and against myself, I must grant you that the mechanical horse is vastly superior in point of endurance, if a tithe of what the dealers state is true. Nor would I wish to see the overwork and abuse witnessed all too frequently years ago, yet I miss certain old and picturesque institutions. The Fifth avenue stages which had conveyed pigtails, patches and knee breeches in their day, and some of the old drivers, were studies—more decorative to the street than present motor busses, with chauffeurs in exact livery.

It seems to me—again I cry you mercy—that our mechanical age is making us mentally juiceless, and I find cylinder oil a poor substitute for the milk of human kindness.

Probably my little experience one afternoon, when Spring was early and Lent was late, will not be repeated, and already in my mind the leading characters are taking on the rosy tint of pleasant memories.

The orthodox Spring storm had arrived and left even the thoughts of the pansies thoroughly soaked, so that when the ardent sun beat down, the world—vegetable and human—fairly steamed.

For myself, I became more and more uncomfortable, until I felt I was oozing glue, and when I came out of church after the musical service at four o'clock my chiefest memory was of the clergyman mopping his

brow and turning up one corner of his severely plastered hair.

A stage with seats up aloft attracted me, because it had a kindergarten front, and I climbed up to be near the children. The small boy next me kept everybody on edge by jumping for the boughs of the overhanging trees as we passed the park. The youngsters seemed to live way up near the end of the route, and it was not until we were ex-infant that I got a good view of the rugged old bunch of a driver. I moved up front and he regarded me with keen eyes under shaggy brows.

"Better take that other coach," he said; "we ain't goin' fer quite some."

"How long?" I inquired.

"Putty long—ef yer ain't got patience."

I inspected my watch. He regarded me sidewise.

"Nobody's got patience meal-times," he added. "Most of us carries clocks in our stummicks."

Mentally I moved forward my intestinal clock to strike for dinner at half-past seven.

A young woman, seeing that already one passenger was on, came and climbed up by wheel and strap. That she should not risk a fall passing round me, I moved back and left her on the driver's seat.

Two of the three horses to draw the coach went to their places easily, but the one destined to draw in the middle, between the shafts, kept hitting first one and then the other, but with his blinders on the poor beast could not see to do better. The man harnessing the horses was unreasonable, and kept backing the horse harder and harder, until he jabbed a piece out of his pretty brown flank. My petition that the cut be

bathed was met by the statement that it was "more'n time to be startin'."

Now and again I caught the profile of my neighbor, and it reminded me strongly of Minerva. The resemblance was sharpened by her increasing pallor as she watched the blood trickle drop by drop from the horse's wound. Her timid request that the cut be covered by a maple leaf was answered by a snap of the whip and a determined "Git up!"

"Crusty old specimen," thought I. "I'll see how he likes to do guide book." And then I, who knew every stick and stone of old Fifth avenue, became densely ignorant. The foolish questions I propounded and the awe-struck way in which I absorbed information would have convulsed you.

At first he was gruff. Then, when he consented to enlighten the heathen, he prefaced every answer with that keen look from under the broad felt hat. Said hat, being in the way of his slanting glance, he put it on the further ear.

When next we passed under a tree I reached up and dragged off some maple leaves, letting them fall upon the little woman. She gave me a lightning glance of understanding and said nothing. Leaning perilously far forward she surveyed the impossible-to-reach spot.

"You stick it on," she said gleefully, as though she and the driver had been trying to do that very thing for years. "You're a lot nearer than me, and your arms are longer."

He wavered.

"Oh, can't you reach?" she continued. "Don't bother; I'll get down."

"No, you won't!" he said stubbornly, "that leaf gits stuck on by me." So with a reach and a lurch and a

squirm—getting very red in the face—he accomplished it. I called his attention to the pretty green outline on the brow back. He grunted assent. The flies fled, the horse felt better, stopped twitching his tail and quickened his pace.

Then such a lot of stories as we two gratefully raked up. Droll and pathetic things which had happened from Paris to Japan. The broad-brimmed hat was gradually pushed back and the wide forehead made a different looking man of him. Every time he laughed he straightened up and seemed to grow an inch.

"Why, I never seen such a quick-eyed lady in my life!" he observed gallantly. "Seems to me you must 'a seen a book in every street wid a new chapter on every corner."

"It's a sad chapter for the poor in Europe," I sighed.

"No?" he responded incredulously. "Why, I thought all the people made money for was to git back."

Then there were more experiences, pointing to the greater freedom and the possibilities of children rising here, with our superb school system.

Minerva noted that the leaf was loose, and in a moment it fell off.

"I ain't much up ter trees," he remarked, apologetically.

We were silently searching for maple most of the way to Madison square, and waking sympathy must have made his eyes keen, for he saw it first.

"There's one!" he exclaimed, eagerly; and though he had to risk his neck to reach it, he pulled off a big leaf and stuck it carefully, right side down, upon the horse's flank.

"You see," he continued, confidentially, as we started off, "we all gits jabs now and agin, and then every-

body else seems like flies. I've got a wife an' a couple o' nice kids, but I was hot on the boss to-day an' goin' ter quit. It's been a blessin' ter meet you folks, fer—you've gone an' put a green leaf on my sore. What, goin'? Well, I'm sorry. It ain't often men like me hears such talk. Hope you'll ride up again soon. See that flank—there ain't one fly! Good-bye!"

And the last I saw was a beaming face and a waving whip pointing toward a pretty green leaf.





## Face Apollo



IFE is but thy shadow:  
Dance and sing—thy life shall be a  
pictured holiday:  
Fawn and crouch—stretch out thy  
hand to beg for mercy—  
Thy shadow doth but mock—before  
an empty shrine.  
Abase thyself—thy shadow doth  
make mimic gesture, striking  
air.

A gray obedient thing—a shadow.

Then, if thou likest it not, out-face the sun;  
The golden rays are pathways to success;  
But cowards see the shadows, for the brave  
Face toward Apollo; and the insolent shadow shrinks.  
No longer master, he must stand behind—and *serve*.

## The Shell



TELL me, oh shell of the fathomless  
sea,  
Of the rose-lipped song you are sing-  
ing;  
Is it sailor's moan,  
Or a mermaid's song,  
In this queer-ribbed boat you are  
bringing?

Does the soul of you command a view  
Of the questioning soul beside you?  
Do your echoes tell  
If all is well—  
And does any ill betide you?

The poor old shell is battered and worn,  
But it carries its song the same.  
Will we, when by tides  
Of adversity torn,  
Be for music and song the frame?



## "Auntie Ellie"



N Hemmenville telegrams are conveyed to their owners by any bearer who may find it convenient, so Tim Ryan, on his way through town, consented to take the message to the Doctor's wife.

No one was in sight as he reached the gate, so he dismounted and walked through the house, encountering Mrs. Loudon at the kitchen door.

"Howdy, Miss' Loudon," he said jovially. "I seen Jake Bowers' boy down street, an' he asked me ter han' yer this, so I 'lowed I'd make yer a present as I wuz agoin' by. Joe Brown he said he 'lowed thet your Hannah, what married las' year, had good news, an' writ ter tell yer."

The good-natured countryman grinned sociably and tried to get at little Frank, who peeped from behind his mother's skirts. As Mrs. Loudon failed to respond to his complimentary insinuation, Tim looked up, and saw that she was holding the paper in trembling hands.

"Lord, Miss' Loudon; hope there ain't no bad news!" he said anxiously.

She dropped into a chair and handed him the paper, on which was written:

"Ellen dying. Come quick. Bring Frank.—Father."

Like most women, in the midst of her grief she was most active. In less than an hour directions were given, Frank bathed and dressed, and the household was bidding farewell to the contents of Tim's wagon, for Tim had insisted upon staying to help and conveying them to the station.

"Now, Miss' Louden," he said soothingly, as he put them onto the train, "don't take on 'bout it. Miss Ellen 'll be lookin' fer yer, an' yer want ter be rail peart an' chipper when yer meet."

"Tell Miss Ellen, 'hope she'll git well soon an' come see us 'gin Christmas," he called, as the train moved away. Little Frank, at the window, received the message and repeated it as accurately as he could, that he might carry it safely.

He watched with pleasure the flying fields, and all too soon the train stopped. The hired man helped them into the family carriage, saying, "Yer Pa couldn't leave Miss Ellen. She was callin' awful sad like fer Frank. Yer Ma kept tellin' 'er Frank was comin', but 'peared like she was 'fraid she'd be gone 'fore he come."

Frank had been thinking joyfully of a visit to the "Auntie Ellie" who told such nice stories and cooked little cakes, and had made for him his best coat—but when John spoke he felt as though she could not be at home, and straightway began to cry. However, soon he ceased and asked, "Where's Auntie Ellie?"

"I don't know. Maybe God will take her away to Heaven," said his mother.

"Is zat where I'ze goin'?" he asked.

"That's where we all want ter go," said John solemnly.

The farm was now in sight, and the stillness of dread settled upon them. That strange something which tells of death, even at a great distance, was with them now—and they knew.

Frank was so drowsy from the heat that John carried him into the house and laid him on a bed, where he was soon asleep. Sometime later he gradually became

conscious of his mother and grandmother, and heard the latter say:

"An' all the time she kept a-calling Frank, an' Pa an' me kept sayin' 'Frank 'll be here in a minute,' an' then sudden like she sat up an' called, low and singin' like, 'Dear little Frank, come soon,' an' then she fell back, lookin' so happy—and she looks that way now.

There was a sound of sobbing, and Frank stirred uneasily. His mother came to him in the darkness and began preparing him for bed. He called again and again for "Auntie Ellie," but his mother said she was not well enough to come to him, so he said he would go to her and say good-night. The attempts to make him forget his intention or go to sleep proved ineffectual, and, as the child seemed fretting himself into a fever, it was best to let him see Ellen, so his grandmother said, if he would promise to be real good, he might just go and say good-night. The promise, like most indefinite ones, was easily obtained, and taking his grandmother's hand he was led toward the parlor.

At the door a neighbor met them and said, "Powerful sorry, Mis' Belden, my wife took sick to-night, so I can't come and sit up with Miss Ellen." "Never mind," responded Mrs. Belden, "we'll get somebody else, or I'll sit up myself, now Mary's come."

She turned away, and led little Frank to the coffin. When in the act of lifting him, it flashed upon her that she had left her good neighbor without saying anything concerning his wife's illness, offering assistance or even asking him in, so she put the child down and hastened out into the moonlight, pursuing with hospitable haste the fast retreating figure.

Little Frank, left alone, wondered what was in the

big black box. He had been lifted high enough to catch a glimpse of something white, and now he stood on tiptoe, and tried to see. As that would not do, he dragged a chair to the coffin's side, and climbing up, looked in.

There she lay, in the simple dress she had worn, when, only two months before, all her people had proudly watched her take first honors at the village high school. Little Frank looked at her with delight. He was so sorry she was in such a little bed, he wanted to sleep with her.

A moon beam entered the window, and touched lovingly the fair, pale face of the sleeper. It was all so beautiful that the child pressed his hands together. His heart seemed full to bursting. He knelt upon the chair, and leaned over the coffin. "Auntie Ellie so-o p'etty!" he whispered affectionately, then very carefully, that he might not disturb her, he laid his cheek against her hand and kissed it. A chill passed through him, and he said, "Poo' Auntie Ellie, is 'ou cold? I get 'ou somethin' right 'way," and he stole softly out of the room.

Fallen from the hall rack lay his little coat, and picking it up he returned and laid it over her hands, looking proudly at the blue braid and buttons.

"Make Auntie Ellie all warm," he said helpfully, trying to spread it out as much as possible.

Then he sat down to wait.

Catching up with her visitor, Mrs. Belden insisted upon his giving her a full account of his wife's sufferings, and, when he returned to the house, loaded him with samples of all her good things and household remedies. These duties done, she returned to little Frank, whom she found asleep.

At the door of her daughter's room she found her husband. "Mother," he said, "put Frank in the bed and bring Hannah, I want ter talk to yer all."

When they were together on the porch, he said, "Little Frank mustn't be at the funeral to-morrer," and he choked as he thought of the loss of their pride and delight, for Ellen was the flower of their later years.

"Father's right," said Mrs. Loudon "I've been thinkin' that if he sees 'em screw down the coffin lid, or put her in the grave and cover her up he'll be afraid o' death, an' I want ter keep that away as long as possible; it'll come all too soon, anyway."

"I wonder if he'd remember Melvina," said Mr. Belden. "Coming up from the mill pond yesterday I passed their house. That Jake she married 's nothin' but a lazy nigger, but she an' that nephew o' hers seem ter be keepin' up a right nice little place. 'Taint more'n four miles, an' I'll take Frank over first thing in the mornin'."

So it was arranged, and before the sun was above the horizon Mr. Belden was harnessing the horses to the spring wagon. Frank was brought to the door, weeping bitterly; mother and grandmother tried to quiet him, but still he called, "Auntie Ellie! "Auntie Ellie!" A question and answer each woman read in the eyes of the other and painfully knew that the child must not see her again.

At last his mother said, "Auntie Ellie's gone to Heaven, dear."

Two big tears stopped midway in their fall, then continued their journey at a slow and thoughtful pace.

"Where's Heaven?" he asked.

"Where we'll all go and see Auntie Ellen some day," said his grandmother.

They looked so sad, and the "someday" sounded so vague that his lips began to quiver. "I want to go now," he sobbed.

"Sure," said his grandfather, hearing only his last words, "Come right along with me, I'm just startin'."

The morning was delightful! The larks were trying to out-sing their fame, the bees buzzed busily, two rabbits on a distant hill made silhouettes against the sun; the life of living was in the air, and the child kept silence.

A gaily-colored rooster was foraging with his numerous family, and broke the stillness with his loud protests against abandoning the road. Some haystacks and a column of smoke were objects alien to the air, and served to introduce a straggling cabin, white-washed fence, and rows of hollyhocks. A fat and slovenly negro was sunning himself on a bench beside the door.

"Howdy Mas'r John," he said sleepily, "Mighty fine mornin'," then relapsed into a drowsy state.

A strong-faced negress came to the door. "Fo' de Lord' sake, ef dis here aint—I!" and in an instant Melvina was beside the wagon. Little Frank had hardly come out of the morning, and looked at her distantly. Finally an expression of dawning recognition lighted the dreamy shadow of his face. Somewhat uncertainly he put one small hand upon her brow, and slowly drew it to her chin. At length he said graciously, "I fink I get down now, an' count 'e chickens for 'ou."

To exhibit his ability to count to twenty, had been held by his adoring sisters, a great favor, and so he now bestowed it.

Melvina knew nothing of this recently acquired skill, but there is something in woman, whatever her color,



which instantly responds to the magic touch of a helpless thing, and the deep eyes glowed. She put out her arms, and, assisted by his grandfather, the child dropped into them. He was so busy watching a brood of chicks that he did not see or hear the dialogue of many signs, but few sounds, which passed between the two and explained everything.

"Well, good-bye, Frank; you stay and play with the chickens, and I'll be back soon," called Mr. Belden, as he rode away. Hardly had they reached the house when he was seen returning. "Here," he said awkwardly, holding out and squeezing a small package, "I don't know what it is, but Mother said, Frank 'ud maybe need this 'f I couldn't get back.

"Dat ar's de night gown," said Melvina, laughing, but Mr. Belden was some distance down the road, and still in an unenlightened condition.

On the way back to the cabin, Melvina, with one fell swoop of her long arm, caught up a bit of yellow down. Frank looked at it gleefully, as it moved its tiny wings and peeped piteously. She sat the child down in the doorway, and curved his small arms protectingly about the chick, then, standing so that she could watch him, went on with her ironing.

"Ain't got no time ter play wid de chillens dese here times," she muttered regretfully, as she looked back through the mist of years to the happy days when her sole office was to tend a little child.

"Ain't nobody's Mammy, now," she murmured mournfully, and something fell upon the iron with a hissing sound.

A young negro approached the gate in a dog-trot, whistling and whistling. Instead of opening it, he raised himself slowly in the air and disjointedly let

himself down on the other side, then came and stood before the door.

"What yer doin'?" Melvina asked.

"Ain't doin' nothin'."

"Wha' fer yer ain't do'n nothin'?"

"De mill ain't gwine."

"Wha' fer ain't dat 'a mill gwine?"

"'Cause dey's fightin'."

Melvina suddenly stiffened. "Moses Linkum Davis," she said indignantly, "ain't I done tole yer, ole Mas'r say ef one pussum hit 'nother pussum he ain't no gen'-man, an' de Lord won't never speak ter him sure!"

"I ain't fightin'," he returned sullenly.

"Den who's fightin'?"

"De people dat owns de cyars is er fightin' de hands, an' dey say dey's gwine ter hold onter dem dar logs."

"Humph! reckon dey'll be mighty tired come night," she replied scornfully, as she tested a hot iron.

From pegs on the side of the house Mose took a fishing rod and began to examine the line. Frank became absorbed in watching him, and forgot the chick, which gladly returned to its former companions. Presently Moses started for the gate and Frank followed.

Melvina saw him and called, "Take 'long de chile ef he wants ter go; be mighty keerful an' hold on ter him powerful."

As Mose reached the gate he looked behind, then leaped over as before and started off. A wail from Frank and a call from Melvina told him that he had made a mistake, so with every muscle lazily protesting he returned.

"Aunt 'Viney," he said in a grown-up whine, "ef de fishes eats dis here chile mebbe dey eat Mas'r John's pickaninny."

"Go 'long, yer onery nigger," she retorted; "yer ain't no 'gator big 'nough ter eat yer, and de Lord done stopped makin' whales."

Mose stood silent for some time, shifting from one foot to the other. Finally a chunk of corn pone struck him, scattering his expression and causing a scurrying among the chickens. Leaving them to fight over the bread, he took Frank's hand and started.

At first the child found it great sport, but it was impossible to keep up, and very soon he said, with a tired little quiver in his voice, "Pease, I fink I wide now."

Mose was much more familiar with logs than children, and preferred them, but after surveying him a moment, he tossed him to his shoulder. There sat the child upon his dusky throne, the sunbeams playing hide and seek midst his fluffy golden curls—in the best and happiest sense, a king!

The long road descended suddenly to a large pond, overhung by willows and vine-draped trees. From the old mill in the foreground and connected with the road, being in fact part of the building, extended a broad piazza-like pier.

Mose put down his burden and his tackle to hunt bait. Fishing was something quite unknown to Frank, and he earnestly watched the cork as it rose and fell. Suddenly Mose's face changed; the ill-formed, meaningless muscles hardened, and he bent forward, drawing in his line with great care, and finally disclosing a small silvery fish with two red spots just behind the gills. He threw it into a bucket of water, and Frank began a new system of fish-catching. Again and again he tried to touch the golden crimson spots, but fast as

a fleeting thought his strange, new plaything eluded him.

The morning wore on; the brook which hastened to the mill sang merrily; the grasshoppers kept up their incessant questionings; the ripples lapped the great millwheel, and all combined to make a lullabye, which soon sang Frank to sleep. As soon as Mose discovered this, he went to the shore and brought from under the pier an old flat-bottomed boat. Out into the pond he paddled and was soon lost again in the sport.

The sun was blazing directly down with the intensity of high noon, when he felt a sudden strain on his line, and began hauling in. Leaning too far to one side, the boat tipped sufficiently for a portion of its flat bottom to leave the water for an instant, making a slight sound, which instantly angered Mose. His face knotted itself in wrath, and he exclaimed indignantly, "Wha' for yer?"—then ceased suddenly, lest his own voice should frighten away his big haul.

Many a fisherman has eagerly drawn in a whale and disclosed a minnow, but no amount of experience lessens his faith in the whale.

Though not unused to such discouragements, Mose pulled with zeal and faith and finally disclosed an unusually large fish. Its size so excited him that he dropped the pole and attempted to seize his prize. Then ensued such wild antics and contortions as only fishermen know, and it was not long before the pole and line, minus the fish, was sliding over the bow. The fish was about to follow, when Mose caught it, and, clamping it with his ragged knees, and thrusting a finger under each gill, held it firmly, saying derisively, "Is yer gwine back? Is yer gwine back? Na-w; I'se gwine 't introduce yer ter 'taters!" Then followed a

low, crackling laugh, such as only the negro can give, and which sounds like the rattling of a great bundle of enjoyments.

The poor fish moved its gills and tried to open and close its mouth in silent and pathetic protest.

The mention of potatoes was heard in Mose's gastric region, and with wide-open eyes he gazed into the sun. Deciding that it was dinner time, he looked for the string and stick with which to secure the fish, but in the wild warfare it had disappeared.

Mose removed one finger and, pushing back the non-descript bit of felt which served as a hat, scratched his head. His thinking apparatus would not have worked had he failed to employ this method.

He was bent over, looking dubiously into the eyes of the suffering fish, when it gave one despairing flop. "Fo' de Lord!" he shrieked, as he pinched its tail between his knees and clamped its head between his cheek and his raised arm.

The paddle being within reach, he began to use it as best he might with his right hand. He saw the fish-pole floating away, and feared that its rocking movement meant a fish, but decided to hold on to his big certainty. Slowly the boat approached the pier. He brought it as near as possible, and as it passed under, he stood up and with anxious precision threw the fish into the big bucket which stood near the edge. He was struck in the chest as the boat passed under the pier, and fell into the water, but was up again in an instant, having fastened the boat, and hastened back to see that the fish had not given his final and good-bye flop.

His fears were groundless, for, long ere the shore was reached, the fish had bidden farewell, I doubt not

gladly, to his unpleasant existence and painful proximity to Moses.

There he lay, floating upon his back. Little Frank, roused by the sound of Mose's fall, sat by the bucket, looking with wonder at the fish. "Poor 'sing!" he said. "Him gwow so big him lose him p'itty wed buttons!"

Mose was so anxious to show his prize that he shouldered Frank, and with all speed returned to the cabin.

Melvina's compliments were interrupted by her spouse, who came in, lazily spilling part of his bucket of water and grumbling.

"Here, you nigger, ain't yer got no sense!" exclaimed Melvina, as he put down the bucket upon one of the carefully ironed shirts.

"Dese ain't no free days," grumbled Jake. "I ain't never knowed no *ole* nigger had ter tote water in dem dar far 'way times!"

"Well," said Melvina, "dar ain't never goin' ter be no more mars'r and missis t' take keer yer no more, so yer got ter help yerself. Mighty little you do, anyway! Is yer hoed dem taters?"

Jake had not stirred from the bench for work, so he lounged away and played with the hoe until called for dinner.

As Frank had slept so little since leaving his home, he grew drowsy midway of the afternoon, and Melvina placed him on a clean palet in the coolest corner, after undressing him and putting on the little night-gown.

\* \* \*

The sun went down in the golden west, and there

came that light rustling sound as Nature settled herself for the night.

Mose waked up more and more. He seemed possessed of a reticent glee, which did not unveil itself until night.

A bee gave a farewell staccato buzz, and settled itself in a neighboring holly hawk. Mose looked at it a moment, then threw back his head, and while his feet swung more and more into jig time, went down the walk singing low:

My ole mist'ess said to me:  
(Ain't a-goin' ter work no mo-o-!)  
All my life she'd take care o' me,  
(Ain't a-goin' ter work no mo-o-!)  
When she died she'd set me free;  
(Ain't a-goin' ter work no mo-o-!)

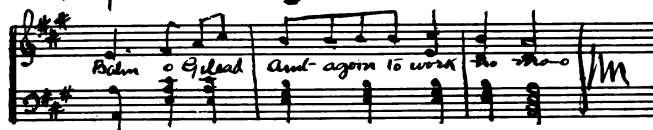
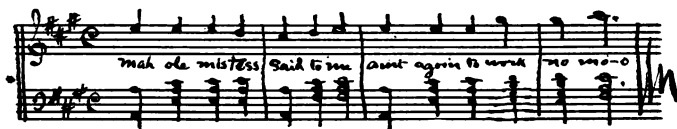
He hung over the gate, making of the phrase, "Balm o' Gilead," a rhythmic chorus which grew drowsy in repetition and was lost in the waning light.

\* \* \*

One by one, or in groups of twos or threes, the negroes came. Mose was the gracious host. A lank youth, who talked perpetually about nothing, collected logs and fagots and started a bonfire in the yard. It was soon surrounded by a motley company sitting upon logs; now and then surrendering their seats to their fiery idol and sitting upon the ground.

Mose bethought himself of the floating fishing rod, and, unnoted, left the group.

The open gate next admitted the burly form of a negro wearing an old coaching hat, no shoes, a pink tennis shirt, a bright red satin tie, ragged trousers and







an evening coat and vest several sizes too small. As he approached the fire Melvina, with Frank in her arms, came from the house.

"Evenin', Mr. White," she said, "powerful 'sprised ter see yer!" The surprise in various degrees of chill was echoed by all.

"No, I ain't come ter stay, thank yer," refusing with a patronizing nod the invitation which had not been given. "I jest come ter ask yer all ter a big meetin'."

"Ef de meetin'," piped old Uncle Rich, "is as full o' kyards an' yeller gals an' foolin' as yer meetin's mostly is, no 'spectable nigger 's gwine."

"Does yer 'spect," said Melvina proudly, "any nigger what belonged ter family like de Ponce's a gwine ter 'sociate wid poo' white trash!"

"It's whar' I'se gwine ter speak," said White.

"Is yer gwine ter speak a piece?" asked Melvina, without looking up from her task of feeding Frank bread and milk out of a cup.

"It's a gwine ter take place in de Baptist meetin' house, an' I'se gwine to say what comes in ma' head." His breast swelled with pride, he pushed back his hat, unbuttoned his vest and thrust his thumbs into the armholes. No comment was made, but some one in the circle said, "Humph!"

White could not understand the lack of enthusiasm concerning his last statement. After a moment's thought he continued: "Miss Lucindy Vi'let Brown's a gwine ter wobblelate."

A sudden change came over them at the mention of their songstress. Melvina set down the cup and readjusted Frank. Rich dropped his head upon his cane and opened his mouth to speak. White struck an attitude in the flickering firelight, but before he could

utter a word, a human catapult from behind shattered his pose, and Mose, with chattering teeth and staring eyes, bounded forward and dropped down almost into the fire.

There he sat, moaning and shivering and hugging his knees as he rocked to and fro. Eager questions were answered by moans until at last he gasped: "Miss Ellen!"

It took what seemed to them an age for the roaring fire and the August night to thaw his terror. At length, with many backward glances, he started to tell his story.

"I'se gwine down de big road, kase I'se gwine ter git dat ar fishpole what I lost dis mornin', an' when I got down fur 's de mill I seen somethin' 'way off, bright like, an' it seen me a-comin', an' it hollered, "Who! Who!"

Mose paused and looked behind himself; the others did likewise, shuddered, and drew a little nearer the fire. Two women rose simultaneously and put their logs into the blaze. Spurred by their interest, Mose proceeded to elaborate the tale.

"Well, I jest kept a walkin' an' a walkin' an' didn't let on ter hear nothin', an' putty soon I seen a nice walk, an' right 't other end was standin' a tall, white thing wid long clothes on, an' I knowed it was Miss Ellen."

"Did she know yer?"

"Dunno," answered Mose. "She was a waiting fer somebody, I spects, an' she was holdin' out her arms an' kind o' sobbin', and when she started ter come arter me, I—I er—I—jest thought I'd come tell yer," and Mose made a ghastly attempt at a smile.

Two love-brimmed eyes, full of childish wonder, looked into the fire.

\* \* \*

Little Frank woke suddenly. The cabin was flooded with mellow light, which found its way through open doors and windows. All was silent save for the sound of heavy breathing. The child left his palet and stood in the doorway. He gazed into the night and his eyes fell upon the few logs which still glowed in the dying fire. Then he remembered Mose said "Auntie Ellie" was waiting. "Poo' Auntie Ellie!" and as he thought he climbed down the steps and came out into the highway. Down the road he hastened. "But what if she has gone away and not waited, as she did last time!" At the thought he suddenly stood still and pressed his little hands together, then anxiously sped on down the hill, calling: "Auntie Ellie! Auntie Ellie! I'se tummin'!"

Out upon the pier he ran, for there, just beyond, was the beautiful silver pathway, and beyond that was something bright.

With outstretched arms he sped on, calling, "Auntie Ellie! Auntie Ellie! I'se tummin'!"

Out over the silver pathway!

And the soul of the child sped on—up the moonbeam—into Eternity!

## The Water Lily



EED-SHADOWED, ripple-cradled  
lily-bud,  
What treasure hold you 'neath those  
petals white?  
Fie, lily-bud! You play a miser's  
part  
To hide your living jewel from the  
light!

My noisy protest stirred no waxen leaf,  
No jewel showed to please my prying eyes,  
The lazy ripples slow caressed the flower,  
The wandering breeze mocked all my selfish cries.

The sun just then unmasked his face, and lo!  
As though a spirit hastened, came the sound—  
A thought embodied or birth of Desire  
New purpose formed, or resolution found.

Slow drew she back her curtains, as a maid  
Might slow unveil her charms to silver moon;  
Then seemed to pause, and quiver and repent,  
As though her faith were given all too soon.

Her golden heart lay, shadowed by her leaves,  
As when distrust doth tarnish lovers' gold;  
"A bud?" said I, "In truth I think I erred—  
Here lies a flower, more likely worn and old!"

Again the Lord of Heaven unveiled His face,  
A glorious approval did she find;  
Her heart of gold, in bridal gown of Faith,  
Rides the soft ripples and perfumes the wind.

## In the Other Man's Land



COME, take up your life in The Other  
Man's Land,  
Make pretense of great joy, as the  
slow-sifting sand  
Marks the days and the years of  
your exile.

Come, speak with the tongue of the Other Man's kin,  
By yourself must you know they cannot enter in  
To the joy which you find in your own.

Ah, there is the root of the grief which destroys  
The rust which corrodes, the dross which alloys;  
But—'tis light in The Other Man's Land.

Then, see it as light and hail it as day,  
Bid good-bye to your life—live the Other Man's way,  
And so turn life's tragedy into a play—in The Other  
Man's Land.

## Per-Chance

And if, perchance, all hope has flown,  
I'll play at hope, as dice are thrown;  
And so, per-Chance, disaster's gloom  
May portent be of joys to come.



## Did You Write This?



HE play is o'er, the curtain falls,  
Another drama ended;  
One cup brimful of bitterness,  
One heart which can't be mended.

One laugh shall ring right merrily,  
With many a passing fellow;  
And none shall guess the deep distress  
Veiled by those tones so mellow.

And he who dealt the stinging blow  
To that fond heart so loving,  
To other conquests, smooth shall go,  
Part of the great world's moving.

Of what use, then, this sense of shame  
Which wrings my heart with aching?  
'Twere better far to crush the flame  
Which is such ashes making.

A thing of shame I cannot do,  
But we are told full often  
That grief and pain is sent from Heaven  
Men's stubborn hearts to soften.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me  
Some happens are horrid;  
The man who says such things unkind  
Deserves a mansion torrid!



This pot pourri of truth and jest  
Is just my way of telling  
How what you did this afternoon  
Has set my heart to swelling.

Found scribbled on the side margins of a paper in  
an elevated train, August 12. Also the following note:

My Darling:

I cannot live without you, whether or no the sky  
falls. I shall expect you without fail by six-thirty,  
and, as soon as we have dined, we will go and upset  
prophecies of ill and substitute hilariously good ones.  
In the meantime and forever I remain,

Your devoted little

(There was here drawn the picture of a small animal  
resembling a rabbit.)

## A Sibyl



T her desk of marquetry  
Sibyl sitteth silently ;  
But her head is in a whirl.  
She's a twentieth-century girl,  
Striving to compose a verse  
Just to aid her slender purse.  
Always 'twas considered right  
Sibyls should be erudite.

Now, a hat with many plumes,  
And a wealth of tropic blooms,  
Must bedeck the cerebellum,  
Filled from volumes bound in vellum.

\* \* \*

At her desk of marquetry,  
Sibyl sitteth silently.



## Raining Roses



It isn't raining rain to me,  
It's raining roses down;  
With every leaf a tender thought  
From Heaven's high altar thrown.  
And if we look up toward the sky  
God's face, gray-veiled we'll see,  
It isn't raining rain, it is  
His grace, for you and me.

It isn't snowing snow to me,  
Each flake a face doth hold,  
All silent, wee petitioners,  
Out in the winter cold;  
To make a deep, pure coverlet  
For these grim hearts of ours,  
That Pity, fruitful as the snows,  
Shall bring forth Faith's fair flowers.



## Quaintly---A Woman



What peculiar point of social development are we standing, that the player in our midst, who is distinctly a "womanly woman," should appeal to us as "quaint?"

Not so long ago the woman who was manish had to be designated by some special phrase, "The 20th Century Girl," "A New Woman," or "The Bloomer Girl." But now the shifting sands of time have put the balance on the other side, and it is the hearthstone sprite, the priestess of our Lares and Penates who must be referred to by some descriptive term.

To-day our frolicsome Lady Babbies wear high collars, and carry golf sticks, or a foil; and when Maude Adams keeps herself through all her wildness still a wearer of skirts, and unconsciously drapes about her gypsy character her own gentle, womanly qualities—while we applaud her beautiful work, that other thing which is so honest, so subtle and so strong, makes us gently reminiscent of grandmother's closet—full of fine linen and the odor of lavender.

One does not need the costume of "my lady" to know that quick wit and good breeding have combined to teach that gypsy courtesy, and the nice proportioning of the womanhood within the gypsy moods is so much a genuine matter, instead of set down in the part, that it comes as a pleasant surprise.

We have almost come to look for a stereotyped proportioning in our plays. If there is a villain, whose growl is deep, the heroine is abused—and simpers. If

the woman is a brilliant schemer—she conquers a fool; and even the amount of drygoods seems to be laid off and measured. If the hoyden wears pants she is courted by gentlemen with voluminous coat-tails, and verily I believe, that if the dramatist should fail of social cloth, he would put an extra ribbon on the dog and call it done!

Where does it begin—this red and yellow, this existence in italics? The play reflects the people—rarely does it mould them. The plays of to-day are in broad colors, with their characters sharply outlined. They are arranged that you may realize it all while at the theatre, and have no left-over sensations to disturb the Welsh rarebit, no pathetic wonder as to how the poor heroine might be faring now. The dramatist always gets round to a period and writes “Finis” with a flourish..

Bernhardt was sharply criticised for daring to change the ending in “Leah,” so that the poor wanderer, instead of dying picturesquely in the arms of her lost lover, sees but the woman in her place. The child, which should have been hers, shrinks from the outstretched arms of the ragged stranger. Then, in heart-broken silence, she drags herself wearily to the door and, laying her hand upon the shoulder of a tribesman, joins the restless company, passing out into suffering, and on—on—on—

In the heart of even a hardened theatre-goer that lack of an ending could not but be painful and recur to the mind again and again, for though most of us live in a very surface way, far down in us all there is a heart which can be found, touched and permeated by an inference more than by any definitely asserted thing. Our civilization is so multiform, so complex,

and each being has such Protean power to other beings, that by his constant changing of his psychic pose the way to his inner self has become devious, and suggestion is about the only thing which can find its way in a hurry.

But why this haste? We were taught by our mothers that haste is vulgar; yet the present-day mothers automatically repeat the statement and tell the children they will never get on if they are not quicker. The heroine hurries to get ahead of her lover in the jilting business—marries another man—and the man hurries to die, that something more interesting may happen. The characters used for filling in the dull spots are hurried into various pitfalls, which are sometimes constructed so clumsily that these obliging persons have to get behind themselves and push that they may not be too late in their demise, and finally the curtain is dropped in haste, while the audience is already at the door, like Mr. Guppy—"going with one foot and staying with the other."

The last time Patti was at the Metropolitan this undue haste upset a scene. Romeo and Juliet had been recalled so frequently that it was a late and hungry hour for scene shifters, and when at last the fond pair had worn out the score and squirmed their final squirm, so that they lay stark and uncomfortable, upon the steps of the tomb, the men in the wings started the curtain down at a 2:40 pace. It stuck in the middle, but they did not know it, and doubtless they were well on their way home before the initiated heard a low, penetrating whistle in the wings. Despite Charles Dibden, "the sweet little cherub that sits up aloft" did not respond. The audience came out of its handkerchiefs and looked moistly one at another.

Romeo suggested the resurrection to his love, and as the poor gentleman's head lay some half a yard from Juliet's satin boots, the colloquy was distinctly audible to the front row. Finally they concluded not to wait for Gabriel, and rose with difficulty. As Romeo was a bit corpulent, Juliet had to assist him in his rapid transit, and, laughing and bowing, they came forward.

The only other curtain the Metropolitan seemed to possess was a sooty and charred affair which had been drawn up and forgotten after the fire. The players did not know of this curtain, and the impromptu angels did not know the judgment day had gotten round so quick, so with well-meaning but misplaced zeal they rushed down that sheet, right onto the laughing pair. The air was filled with dust, soot, and flying rags; Romeo's doublet and Patti's curls looked like a Bowery bargain sale.

I remember a scene where one of the reigning beauties of our stage was followed up a short incline to the edge of a wood, where she suddenly disappeared. It was supposed by the audience that coquetry had made her hide in the thicket (Thespian thickets are so dense!) and she had backed out of her lovers arms, just to tease him. The hero was so overcome by the magnitude of his love that he stood for a moment with out-stretched arms—then fished in his coat-tails and brought out a neatly folded handkerchief, in which he hid a face which was white and set. The audience was a bit puzzled at first, but finally concluded that it was a fine agony, and applauded. The hero recovered himself in a moment, came quietly down to the stage and held an entire scene alone, and did it well. It was not appreciated.

Presently the maiden re-appeared and I noted that she had found a scarf in the woods. It was gracefully wound around her arm, and that wonderfully productive thicket lingered in my mind. In due course of time, I learned the details.

When the maiden disappeared, she turned a most unexpected back somersault into the wings, and came down upon the two workmen who had shoved the triangular box which supported the path, too far out upon the scene. She was standing with her back to the precipice, and as both characters were absorbed in their lines, the accident came about very naturally, but the lover, who was in the midst of an impassioned appeal, had to address his finishing words to a mass of flying boots, skirts, shirts and pants.

The self control which the hero practiced, the quick wit necessary to change and carry the whole of the following scene while the heroine was having her injured arm bandaged, were not things commonly possessed—yet there come times in the career of every professional when these qualities are called for. I have never seen them noted and praised.

Often have I tried to follow a play from the seamy side of the paste-board castles. The audience sits and listens, and lives in the scene; the player has no such help. Ye maiden faire must weep behind bars which are only kept from flying gaily in the breeze by being sewed down, yet her grief must be such as to dominate the audience. The robber bold must stand before a piece of black and white smeared canvas and say—"I'll force these frowning walls—I swear!" and say it in such a way as to make the audience shiver and feel that Gibraltar is no longer safe.



To suffer, and in real suffering to excite sympathy, is easy enough, if you can stand the pain, but to infuse emotions which you cannot yourself feel, into hundreds of other people, is a peculiar genius, which Webster, and even Spencer, is dumb about.

One actor confessed to me, under the rose, that he believed Dr. Jeckyl and Mr. Hyde resided in each and every one of us, and the villain always did his part well, by instinct, I was not inclined to such sombre doctrine, but he insisted that the villain was always hated and hissed, showing that his impersonation was complete.

"But suppose," I pursued, "that people had been playing successful goodness for so long a time that the worse nature was shrunken and dried up from neglect?"

He merely described a large bush with his hands and said laconically, "Mustard seed!"

My mind sought comfort in that ancient couplet concerning "Children who are up in dates, and floor you with 'em, flat."

But that mustard seed! It followed the traditional bent of mustard seeds, our conversation remained in my mind and that small point of thought grew and waxed exceedingly great until finally I was moved to search for a being to thoroughly uphold my theory.

Naturally I turned to woman. I turned with enthusiasm, and rapidly received a shock. Woman, of course, has so long been regarded as a poetic being that her picture in well known verse is never doubted. Alas, the woman of the day must be described in the extreme of meter!

I searched the stage, where I thought constant play of emotion would keep the women psychically flexible and receptive, less like a ramrod and more like

the long lost vine, but everywhere I found an atmosphere of self sufficiency. Really, it makes a man feel like a case of Othello's occupation gone, and that is a beastly blow to one's vanity.

Despairing of my own endeavor, it occurred to me to spring the topic in a nest of bachelors; so, midst rings of smoke, I idly inquired why so many of them were growing lonely bald spots.

"Can't find the girl," yawned the Apollo.

"Come now," I protested, "you know hordes of girls."

"Oh, yes, but, you know—a—er home girl."

"Yes, a home girl," assented Magregor heavily.

"Oh she, my ladye faire would be,  
To flit away to gay Paree,  
To pose in feathers, bright and gay,  
Nor give me a word—in the morning."

chanted Willis, for Willis was jilted suspiciously near the panic, and has been cynical ever since.

"Hark ye, brethren!" said Berford, "did you ever hear of a girl who longed for motherhood?"

The "No" was unanimous, and Berford, leaning back in his chair, felt that he had disposed of the whole question.

"Lord!" exclaimed Merton, "if I knew a girl who although she had studied a lot, didn't swagger or try to be a man, and would make a good mother, I'd charter the lightening express and promptly go down on my knees to her!"

"Sure, I'd father a regiment of infantry if the missus was willin'," quoth the lone married man.

"Gad fellows! isn't that the gist of it," exclaimed Merton. "Isn't it that to all appearances the ma-

ternal instinct is dead? A womanly woman! Bah! Where?"

"Hold on," said I, "not so fast!" When John Drew was playing the Squire of Dames, Maude Adams brought out the character of a woman who forgives wrong, and reveals her greatness because of a child, and you can't make me believe that anything but sublime womanhood prompted her handling of the part. Now you see when—"

"The Colonel is getting emotional appendicitis," confided Apollo in a stage whisper.

"Cut it out," quoth Magregor.

"Me to The Empire," exclaimed Berford, striking a Salvini attitude. What, ho! Avast there! Get a move on! Not forgetting, Gadzooks! And, laughing, we willingly followed.

Presently five lonely, hungry-hearted men were watching the charming player. We didn't talk much, for at times during the performance each one seemed to have contracted a slight cold, on the way from the club.

When once more we surrounded our cosy table, a touch of reverence made us rise as we drank the toast, "Maude Adams."

A winsome Maiden's dainty self,  
A bit of a woman, a bit of an elf,  
A being strange in this garrish day,  
Quaintly a woman, in the dear old way.

## **Just You**

A voice which cries all silently,  
To see a face unceasingly,  
To feel the still deep ecstasy.  
Of You.

Dear Heart, the bitter homelessness,  
The crushing sense of loneliness  
Of life, the empty worthlessness.  
Less You.

The peace, which rests all silently,  
Earth love which mocks Divinity,  
A cycle of affinity.  
We Two.

## A Minor Chord

Oh, Little Sister, there are lives so bare,  
Which all the world marks but for Envy's arrow,  
So like a juiceless fruit or brutal stare—  
A drop of cooling water they would borrow.

Hard duty and no praises mark the hours—  
To eat—to drink—to wear—the slaves had those;  
To hear a scourging tongue, list to a taunt—  
God! where is liberty—  
Where blows the rose?



## Gray Weather

It is gray weather in my heart,  
Naught groweth there but rue—  
A rain of bitter words came down,  
True seeds could not grow true.

Each thought had longed to bear a rose  
To make life's pathway fair;  
But now 'tis doomed to rear a weed—  
Some fateful flower to bear!

Ah me! ah me! if they but knew  
Who guard not bitter tongue,  
How far words fall, how many a soul  
Is by deep sorrow wrung—

Would they not try, from Life's gray sky  
To drive the clouds away—  
Till all might say, with hearts so gay,  
My garden blooms to-day!

## The Vision

Something happened in the sky—  
I was singing lullabye;  
Smiled at Baby, he smiled too—  
Suddenly his soul-sight grew.  
In that densely quiet room,  
In the breathing twilight gloom,  
He a vision saw—and pondered;  
I his power felt—and wondered.  
Though so weak his soul was stronger;  
Though but three, he had lived longer;  
He held commune with the sky—  
I was singing lullabye!



## **L'Ombre Dore**

Fear not the storms which blow o'er life's fair fields  
And bend us low toward Mother Earth again;  
Fear not their force—'tis happier that 'tis so—  
Without them, small and tasteless grows the grain.

Have ye not noted, in the mountain gorge,  
Where shadows linger, symbols of our pain,  
The trees are grandest—stretching toward the sky  
Great giants, scorning pigmies of the plain.

So we, when deep in sorrow are we placed,  
Gone health and wealth, which seem of life the  
leaven—  
May, like the trees, through shadows interlaced,  
Grow grander, taller, reaching up to Heaven.





**a. C'est le Printemps !**

There's a je ne sais quoi, that's a joy, in the air—  
The blood mounts more swiftly, all life seems more  
fair,  
L'amour is made simple, and seen everywhere—  
C'est le Printemps !

There's a girl with her furs half a yard from her throat,  
The birds greet each other with happier note,  
You know cash is scarce, but you don't care a groat—  
C'est le Printemps !

En avant ! 'tis the cry ; we can never grow old,  
The winter of age, as a tale that is told,  
But foretells more of youth, plastic life, yet to mould—  
C'est le Printemps !





## **L'amour**

Don't kiss me so, dear! I am drowsing—  
My soul seems floating away,  
Out of its mortal housing,  
Out of this hut of clay,  
Over a twilight pathway  
Which leads to the Land of Love;  
And you and I seem drifting  
While the brilliant stars above  
Are waiting and watching to serve us,  
Holding their discs aglow,  
Softly lighting the pathway  
As onward and upward we go.

And now through my senses stealing  
A subtle, flickering fire  
Is Heaven and Hell revealing,  
While floating higher and higher  
On through the pulsing stillness  
Goeth Love, with thee and me,  
While borne on les ailes d'amour—  
We are one—for Eternity.

## Heimweh

Home was so sweet, just with the thoughts of you,  
I could not leave until the day was through,  
Until the rain had passed, the sun had set,  
And shadows creeping 'neath the dusky eaves  
Bade me God-speed, with rustling of soft leaves.

Home was so sweet, just with the thoughts of you,  
'Twas rest to touch the bed where Love had lain,  
To dream again in-waking dreamless hours  
And nurture life with surfeit of sweet pain.

\* \* \* \*

Again the day has passed—most drearily;  
I touch with heart-sick longing at each place  
Which you have passed, or touched, or looked upon—  
Longing but just to see again—your face.

Dear eyes, from out whose depths Love looked at me,  
Warm lips, whose touch was life itself to me—  
'Tis hard to realize that those soft lips  
Could shape the mandate of my misery!

## Conbention

And it came to pass that in the spring of the year, when the trees put forth their leaves and made the atmosphere of earth to resemble the breath of the gods, they went away into the Realm of Love.

And as they stood under the Tree of Life, her eyes caught the gleam of a glittering band wound round about him. Love caught her away from him in terror, and as the distance increased between them she cried out to him saying:

"Dear Heart, cast off this chain, I pray you!"

Then laughed he, loud exclaiming:

'Tis but a ring, which you need not see. Behold, it is gone!"

Then did Love lead her back a little way, that she might bathe her wound in the waters of Faith.

But when she came again to him, she felt that the ring was still there. She stretched out her arms in heart-sore longing, and he touched her fingers distantly.

"It will not harm you, dear," he said.

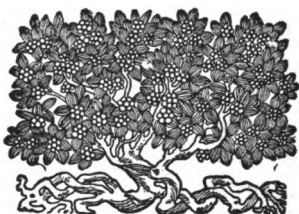
And so the wound healed not.

And the knot of the ring grew stronger day by day, and took unto itself the haunting face of Misery.

Then came there a day when Cupid did droop his wings, and, leading Reason to her door, did deliver unto her a cup of bitterness. Hopelessly did she drink, and stand watching with unseeing eyes the dreary end.

The knot which bore the face of Misery did slow unwind and coil its noisome length about her weary heart.

Then did Cupid murmur pityingly as he wrote within the Book of Love and knitted his brows and nibbled his pen—but he scribbled Truth's verdict—"La Vie."



## Aliquando

Two dear-loved eyes look into mine  
My senses reel in ecstasy—  
My haply lost identity  
Makes Love its chief divinity.

A touch which flames from head to foot  
And Love cries his authority,  
Laughs at more staid Morality,  
And marks his path "Eternity."

The silence of the midnight hour,  
And Love stands forth unflinchingly  
To meet the spectre—Destiny.  
Then halts the spectre, silently.

Exultant Love cries joyously  
"Life shall be ours, eternally—  
Clear thou the path, oh Destiny!"  
Still stands the spectre, silently.

Two pale hands lift the mystic veil—  
Two eyes shine with serenity—  
Bends Love his bow, all angrily;  
Stands Duty there, unflinchingly.

Two kindly eyes search out his soul—  
The battle wages silently—  
Wears Love the face of Agony,  
His wings are folded wearily.

Then Duty wraps him in her cloak,  
Her eyes are moist with sympathy;  
"Brave heart," she murmurs, tenderly,  
"Peace shall be thine —eternally."



## Dramatic Backdoors



DRIPPY, drizzly piece of left-over winter-time in Paris, a rare good afternoon for a nap to make up for many owlsh nights. I gave Pierre, the "boots" and "Handy-Andy" on my hall at the hotel, an extra pour-boir, saying: "Remember you Pierre, it is necessary me to awake at six hours, and also"—laying down my instructions with an italicizing forefinger—"it is imperative me to make to remain awakened."

"At six hours?"

"At six hours. And it make to rest in your memory, Pierre, that if still I show envy to sleep, it shall be necessary me to throw upon the feet."

The Latin tongues, literally translated, sometimes sound extreme, but the foregoing instructions meant simply, "See that I am out of bed before you leave."

"Exactement, monsieur," replied Pierre placidly.

\* \* \*

One—two—three struck my musical clock, and still Morpheus not come! I counted sheep, for I needed rest—then the Greek alphabet—then sheep again, and after the thirty-ninth sheep, my next vision was Pierre's round white face and black eyes bending over me.

"It is six hours, monsieur."

Oh, for forty winks, or even thirty-nine!

"Vraiment! It is six hours?" (I was consciously talking against Time.)

"Six hours," repeated Pierre scrutinizing the clock.

"And I see that she has made promenade seven

minutes and one-half to plus."

Such a solid figure, Pierre, with his thick, square, peasant shoulders! My mind was picturing him prominent in a Provencal market crowd, pleasantly near to the Land o' Dréams.

"Is it that monsieur will be thrown upon the feet?"

There was no mirth in the voice, and I opened my eyes in a hurry and stretched them with an effort.

"But no—but no, Pierre! See you not that the sleep has been stolen from my head?"

He came closer and peered into my eyes, then shook his head soberly. "But no—it is that I see a child of sleep still there sitting."

Finding that he was determined to do his duty, I threw off the covers and performed my very best leap to stage centre. Pierre was delighted, and held up his short square hands in an attitude of benediction, saying, "And may the good God preserve to monsieur his youth." Then he hurried away to bring the regulation big pitcher of hot water.

\* \* \*

It was early yet, and the spring sunshine had come out so charmingly that the sunset air was softened, and I loitered under the marble arches of the hotel and up through the temptations in jewels for which the Rue de la Paix is famous. The sidewalk outside the cafes was well filled with small round tables, which in winter nestle close to the buildings, but, as summer approaches grow more and more riotous, and threatened to monopolize the sidewalk, until rules had to be made by the city fathers and relentless screws put through the legs of the obstreperous furniture.

I was just turning toward the Central Information Bureau in the Place de l'Opera, when I heard a motherly French voice, with its musical ambling up and down hill, saying:

"And there are for the feast but four Virgins—is it not that it is sad?"

"It is equal," replied the Pater Familias easily. "I have fear for rain only."

Taking the table next, I sent by the waiter my order for dinner, which I had hastily written, not wishing to lose any direction which these good people might unconsciously give me pointing to the Feast of the Virgins, an interesting festival held annually some distance from Paris. My plans for the next day had included service at La Madellaine, and the adoration of one, I promptly concluded to multiply that pleasure by four, and—but that is another story.

Presently the orders arrived, and the couple were joined by a lean and nervous man in whom I recognized one of the political factors of the day. Their talk hardly interested me until the politician threw up his left hand in a backward deprecating wave, and cast his eyes toward Heaven, exclaiming, "That the Divine Sarah has fallen!"

There is but one "Divine Sarah"—that wonder of versatility and eternal youth, Bernhardt—and my salad straightway lost its charm, while mine ears fairly stretched themselves.

Pater Familias finished cutting his boef d'Ortello and said emphatically, "Vraiment!" Then he piled his forkful high with peppers, put it swiftly and safely behind his white teeth, drew the edge of his napkin

across his full lips, and repeated earnestly, "Vraiment!"

"The old Prince, what says he?" queried the musical voice.

"He speaks not but with the eyes—as always," responded the politician.

"And Maurice?"

"I have read each day his journal, listening with the inward ear, but I have nothing heard," continued the député.

"A-ah!" sighed Madame, prettily waving a delicate fan which, fortunately, gave no breeze to augment the evening chill; "it is that they possess an interest lamentable!"

"Tien donc!" laughed her husband teasingly, "Wouldst thou that a child of grace be awkward for thy pleasure?"

Laughing, the trio rose and went their way, and left me musing upon this most unexpected peep into the dramatic backdoor of the greatest poseuse of her day. It was at an angle too, which I hardly understood, not having seen her latest production. That it presented her in a role opposed to the interests of those nearest and dearest was plain, and my first thought was that I would go at once and view the play. Then a "whimsey" struck me, even as they strike us all. Having been started toward this wonderful woman from such an un-public direction. I would first seek an interview via the stage door, and leave what all might see and hear for the last.

Calling one of the dozen cabs always, apparently, waiting "just for you" in Paris, I said to the "cocher," "The Renaissance." Up streets and down alleys was

I taken, until the fear sprouted and grew within me that either the cabman was drunk or there was some truth in those dreadful French stories—which, of course, I had never read. I twisted the glass knob in the top of the vehicle until the driver heard the bell, and then, leaning far out, I assured him that it was the theatre, not the hotel, I meant.

“Oui, oui, monsieur, I there go!”

His round fat voice was reassuring, and I settled back contentedly, until my placid wonder if there really was such a place as a Hotel Renaissance in Paris was broken by the cab stopping before a commonplace looking building at the apex of a sort of right angle-triangle. “Some mistake,” I thought, “no such elegance and blaze of light as she has in America,” but a mean little programme, under glass, in a ten-cent frame, assured me that I was correct, and a ragged boy with an overplus of French politeness, elaborately bowed me to the sidewalk for the sum of two cents.

The “entrance for the artists,” as they term it, was only a few doors down the hypotenuse, and I easily entered a long, bare, clean hall. On one side, midway of this hall, a broad door opened into a large room. Within the room a fire burned brightly in an open grate, casting flickering shadows over the crimson cover and well fluted pillowshams on the big bed in the further corner. Some quaint old pewter pots and bowls blinked on the dresser, a tortoiseshell cat lay asleep on the hearth rug, and an elderly French couple in spotless peasant clothes sat beside the small table. The man lazily watched the smoke curling upward from his long pipe, while the woman knitted and stared drowsily into the fire.

It seemed such a pity to disturb them that I passed quietly by, and behind the doors at the end of the passage found a long flight of broad wooden steps. About twenty ill-clad Frenchmen, chiefly youths, lounged upon these steps, talking gently and happily, and making way with courtesy, with that real courtesy which appears not to see the one who passes. Two nice glass doors and behind them a square hallway, around the walls of which twisted a spiral stairway. Stair carpeting of tan, with crimson border, everywhere. Everything well worn, apparently worn out by the broom and scrub brush. Two Frenchmen of gentle bearing, who may have displeased fate because of their big noses, seemed to have nothing to do but walk up and down the tiny hall or sit upon the leather bench in their evening suits. A much-buttoned but-tons took up my card, and after some minutes a fat, fuzzy maid appeared, jolting down the spiral stairs.

"Monsieur had sent his card? Monsieur had not written for an interview?"

"No, Monsieur had arrived in Paris as representative of the most important journal published, and wished to see Madame Bernhardt."

"Ah, vraiment! Would Monsieur give himself the pain to wait one moment?"

I gave myself the pain to wait two moments.

The fourteen stone climbed up the spiral stairway with speed and presently returned to state that Madame Bernhardt would be unable to see Monsieur to-night, but if he would come to-morrow night at nine hours and one-half she would be enchanted him to see.

"Madame Sarah arrives not upon the presentation until the act second, but then she has much labor," said one of the ornamental doorkeepers.

"Yes, that is true," agreed the other solemnly.

Back into the cab and away to Le Vaudeville. Again guilty of an artistic entrance; this time through a stone-paved courtyard. Passed the figure of a young but careworn woman, not more than a girl in fact, whose long clinging coat made me feel that she was chilled and distressed. As she was not a beggar, and I did not know her, I knew not how to express the sympathy I felt, yet her pinched features and discouraged attitude made me feel uncomfortable in my throat.

Wide glass doors opened from an interior entresol into an elaborately comfortable office, where a man of the too-much-dinner type sat twisting his English whiskers. He informed me that two flights up I would find the stage.

As I toiled up the third flight two of the actors came from the stage, half a flight down, and passed me. The man was a la English tourist, with golf trousers; the girl had tan shoes, black stockings, grass cloth bloomers and kilts, and the upper part of her costume like a boy, with a stiff Alpine hat. Though she carried a small cane, she looked very chic and feminine, and the man was not even remotely a caricature of a well-fed, traveled Englishman. All the stairs in Paris seem to follow a square or circular design, and the top of the last square faced a long passage. No carpet—only thoroughly scrubbed boards. Asked one of the maids the number of Madame Rejane's room. Made slant-eyed observations through the open doors as I passed, and saw that even though

the room was uncarpeted the French wisdom of an enormous pier glass was never lacking. Presently the characters began to come up. The adventuress, fair fat and forty, in brilliant brocade, with an over-elaborate hat. Just behind her dainty Madame Rejane, wearing a soft, clinging summer dress of many creamy ruffles over gold green satin, each ruffle edged with a tiny cord of mauve velvet. A simple country hat of mauve and green surmounted her pretty head, and she swung a fluffy parasol.

I stood at her door. She exhibited a polite lack of acquaintance. I started to explain, but just then her maid came hurrying up with my card. Madame Rejane flung open the door of a little paradise: a large room with superb mirrors and small mirrors held by cupids in bas relief. Everywhere exquisite taste; dainty Chippendale furnishings tinted in warm gray with velvet cushions to match; a dressing case with three short, wide, swinging mirrors; fine linen and lace covers to set off the host of silver and cut glass pots and implements. Two enormous windows reaching nearly to the floor, screened by curtains of rich lace; another room beyond.

I recalled to her mind some incidents of a dinner in New York, where we had been fellow guests.

"Bien! bien! it is also clear as crystal." And while she was remembering, the maid loosened her outer garment.

Her silky bronze hair was just a wee bit ruffled by the removal of her hat. She moved about easily, telling how much her little girl had grown and improved since they were in America, and asked if I had seen the piece. I expressed regret and promised to attend.



"What species of woman is the heroine?" I asked, knowing very well, but wishing to get her definition. She turned her head first one side, then the other, like a bird, and searched for a way to tell me.

"You would not understand," she said. "The character is a truth which is known-not in America."

"A true and lovable woman with India rubber morals?"

She laughed in a pleased childish fashion, and said, "Oui, oui; our language has an expression to the fact adjusted, but there is nothing of same kind in the speech English—no?"

I hastened to explain that all English-speaking people live such violently correct lives, according to the rules laid down by their neighbors, that they have no need of lenient names.

During the conversion she flitted in and out through the lace portierres between the charming room where I was received and some evidently more intimate chamber, and, without ceasing her musical speech, or giving me a feeling of being left alone even for a moment—changed her costume. Although I hardly realized it at the time, I have thought since that only a genius of the Latin blood could do a thing so clever, so sensible and so gently gracious. We Saxons may be good wood, but we are surely born with corners!

The next act being announced, there was nothing for me but to make my adieux, and I bowed myself out of the dainty interview with a feeling of dread that I must pass the courtyard—the pathetic figure might still be there!

Next evening I was rather glad that Madame Bernhardt did not arrive upon the presentation until the

act second, and therefore, I was not expected until the nine hours and one-half, for a religious fête is rich in most interesting and time-taking ruffles, and it taxed me to be properly clad and there present at the appointed hour.

Again the picture of quiet happiness en route. The ornamental doorkeepers greeted me without effusion, and yet they made me feel that I was quite an old friend, and very much at home.

Withal, there was an atmosphere as of a court, and they said "Madame Sarah" quite as an Englishman would have said Queen Elizabeth. I produced my card, and one took it, saying, "Madame will receive!" as though he were gently rejoicing with me over my good fortune. I found myself smiling, and realized that the fuzzy maid was approaching. No one was smiling broadly, as though a joke was about to spring forth, only an amiable greeting, like a series of gentle reflections.

I was led up the winding stairs—I saw no sign of an elevator—and thought to myself that Bernhardt old, would surely never scale them, for they were an appreciable climb from the street. Yet a few steps up to a sort of mezzanine floor, with rather a low ceiling. A door half-way open, and within, facing the door, but some distance from it, a typical French gentleman. The fuzzy maid suddenly was not, and I found coming toward me as I entered the room a tall, white-faced woman, with deep quiet eyes, and an aureole of thoroughly undressed red hair. Over her uncorseted slimness hung the unequivocal dark blue and white calico, which seems to be the typical covering of the poor whites of the mountain districts. Around her throat was a woe-begone box pleating of yellow

crepe de chene; one hand hung, half concealed, in an enormous patch-pocket, sewed far down near the front of her dress. A more tup-penny, ha'-penny get-together it would be impossible to conceive, and yet—the woman was queenly!

The room was large, and she came forward to greet me. I infer that she walked, but it is only an inference, for, apparently, she serpentine. Her progress was so absolutely noiseless and sinuous, and withal there was a dignity which made me understand the atmosphere of her court.

The room was not really two rooms, but two bits of wall projecting from the sides toward the centre gave such suggestion. Against the further wall was a mahogany dressing case. She motioned me to a chair near one corner of this piece of furniture, and, as I observed in one swift glance, the gorgeous profusion of its fittings was so exactly like her stage settings that I, with difficulty, repressed a smile. Very clearly I felt that she saw that I saw, and I wished for the courage to look at her squarely, thinking that I might find a sly twinkle in those quiet eyes.

On the way to the seat we came upon the gentleman whom I first mentioned, and without stumbling the least bit over my name, but using it completely, she presented "Maurice—my son." The gentleman acknowledged the introduction, and I opened my mouth to make a conventionally triangular remark, only to close it again, for the Divine Sarah was sinking languidly into a chair near the one she had destined me to sit in, and the gentleman was half turned toward her. I hastened to do as I had been bidden, and a courteous thrust and parry ensued. There were several serving people in aprons or jackets in the

room—dressers, I suppose—and without appearing to listen they kept distinctly still. Toward the scene then playing between Madame Bernhardt and her guest they exercised to perfection what is known on the stage as “professional courtesy,” i. e., the generous art of not intruding.

She spoke of New York and praised it. Of London she did not speak, smiled only—an inscrutable smile.

“Will you come again to America?”

“Ah, if one had but power to know!”

“Always we await you.”

“Monsieur is of the land generous!”

“And if it is during the winter next, what will you play?”

Invariably she answered with graceful languor. Cleopatra, half reclining upon her throne with all eternity to use, could not have been more imperiously languid. At my last question her whole bearing changed; her back straightened, her eyes grew black, she sat very straight and threw out both hands as though exhibiting to me the ponderous labor of my demand. I understood; her every move was eloquent, but I persisted.

“Surely there are some characters which you prefer to play, some you enjoy more than—”

Her left hand crept along the mahogany edge, her body inclined toward me, her eyes fixed themselves upon my face and she gripped the edge of the dressing table until the knuckles showed clearly and the blood receded from beneath the nails.

“I love them”—(she breathed sharply)—“I love them each one”—(her breath was labored)—“but—

but—" (her hand relaxed and fell loosely—"they exhaust me!" Her whole body collapsed; she was Camille in a late scene.

Acting? It may have been; but if so, it was splendid acting; and she did not let down one iota, although the audience was small.

Simple truth it may have been. It is doubtful that she could have swayed great audiences if she was not in sympathy, for the time at least, with the character she portrayed. For the remaining few moments she maintained her appearance of gentle weakness, recovering very gradually.

I felt myself talking rapidly, fluently and with enthusiasm, of her work. She rewarded me with a lenient smile and asked which of her characters I liked best. I told her not only the play, but the scene, where she had most appealed to me, and why.

"Reason so profound confesses a mind distinguished!" she said gravely, apparently addressing a pincushion; then, turning to me again, she answered as though she had not spoken before:

"I regret that I possess no portrait in the character at present."

Unlike the bawling of our call boys, the scene was announced quietly in the corridor. There was a faint stir of the other humans in the room, most of whom had completely fallen out of the picture. Madame arose and accompanied me to the door. An inclusive "Bon Soir" and Madame added, "Bon voyage," for I was to return to London on the morrow.

It was some time before I was able to see her play and trace further the conversation of the trio at the

café. It concerned the socialist play which she dared, and which I have not space to detail here. The next year I met Madame again, called upon her and received a large photograph with autograph and very personal written lines. Her home, as a stage setting, deserves a chapter of its own.



## Estelle

Brown-eyed Estelle, with flaxen hair—  
A frightened spirit harbors she;  
Always the thing she does and says  
Wears naught of glow to bring her praise.  
Ah me—

Brown-eyed Estelle!

I mark me well, a winter's day,  
When glittering ice and Christmas glow  
Made all the world a spectacle—  
She took her pennies, few and small,  
And bought a great black baking pan—  
"For Mother nearly burned her hand  
With that old thing, in that big store—  
Just yesterday."

On Christmas Day, a gale of mirth  
Greeted the gift; "I almost laughed  
Until I cried," the mother said—  
"Look what a pretty perfume jug  
My Gracie gave!"

Then all forgotten crept the child  
To her small bed, without a tear;  
She laid her down full wearily.  
Ah me—

Brown-eyed Estelle!

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